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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS 1/.

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PLEASURABLE UTILITY.—An unending pleasure to the tidy—a necessity as well to the untidy—it is the most convenient way of preserving clothes, and economises time, space, money . . . and temper.

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"	2	0	0	" " to Scotland
"	2	14	6	" " " "

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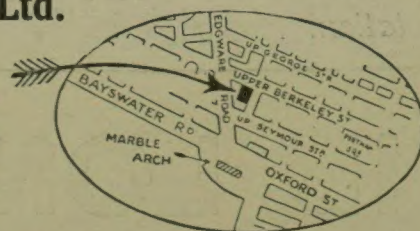
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1923.

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FROM THE NOW CLOSED TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN: A HEAD OF THE TYPHONIC COUCH—"HALF HIPPOPOTAMUS AND HALF CROCODILE"—WITH TONGUE AND TEETH OF SOLID IVORY.

This photograph is the first to show in detail on a large scale one of the animal heads of the Typhonic couch, found in the ante-chamber of the tomb of Tutankhamen. The description supplied with the photograph says: "It is in carved wood, gilded and painted; the tongue and teeth of solid ivory. This legendary spirit of the tunnels of the underworld is half-hippopotamus

and half-crocodile, having feline legs and feet." The animals suggested different comparisons to another observer, who writes: "They are fearsome dogs' heads, prototypes of Cerberus, like Great Danes with a lion strain gone heraldically mad. They are gilt, with open mouths, from which long, curling tongues of ivory, coloured pink, protrude, and ivory teeth (these white)."

THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT, BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE EARL OF CARNARVON. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES, THE DIRECTOR, AND MR. LYTHGOE, CURATOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE life of a thinking man will probably be divided into two parts—the first in which he desires to exterminate modern thinkers, and the second in which he desires to watch them exterminating each other. I do not say I have yet reached the full enjoyment of this later and more serene and charitable state. But I am daily more drawn towards it, because I daily discover more and more of an intellectual process by which all this intellectualism destroys itself. Suppose, for instance, there is an old story and a new sceptic who is sceptical of the story. We have only to wait a little while for a yet newer sceptic who is sceptical of the sceptic. He will probably find the old notion actually a help to his new notion. This process is an abstract truth applying to anything, apart from agreement or disagreement. It has nothing to do with whether we believe either in the old story or the new theory. Suppose that you find a highly modern movement in your Garden City, suggesting that the story of Jonah and the Whale is rather improbable. But there is also another modern movement, which has a mysterious joy in maintaining that a more primitive humanity was miserably small and abject, and at the mercy of other creatures. Sooner or later somebody is quite likely to say that man was a minute amphibious animal, capable of living like a microbe inside a larger organism. It will soon be his intellectual interest to maintain that the story of Jonah and the Whale is quite ordinary. Suppose there are sceptics in your suburb who dare to doubt the story of Balaam's Ass. But there are also humanitarians in your suburb who doubt the superiority of humanity to the higher animals. Sooner or later one of them may argue that donkeys could talk before men. All things are possible; and there is seldom, in that sense, any lack of donkeys to talk. If these examples seem slightly extreme and improbable, I will admit there are more moderate cases in which the theory of to-day really does correct the theory of yesterday, and come more reasonably to the rescue of the theory of the day before yesterday. But if anyone denies the possibility of the process, or does not understand precisely what the process is, I shall have great pleasure in telling him the fascinating story of the Bolshevik and the Primitive Man. The two characters in this story may seem to some to be extremes that do not meet; but they have some things in common, including the fact that none of the people who discuss them knows anything about them, and that it is not impossible that both of them may be myths.

Putting this on one side, however, the rather curious position is this. All through my youth it was maintained by materialists, and especially the Marxian materialists who laid the foundations of Bolshevism, that society had passed through a series of inevitable stages, which would culminate in the Class War and the Socialist State. There was the nomadic stage, the feudal stage, the capitalist stage—all produced by an economic doom that could not deviate from its course; and the next stage in the destiny of modern industrialism must be the step from capitalism to collectivism. In that case it was clearly inevitable that the industrial crisis must come in the industrial countries, and that capitalism must be first capitalist in order to become collectivist. Then something happened that threw out the theory even in carrying out the programme. Socialism succeeded at the wrong time and in the wrong place. It was inevitable in America, but it was successful in Russia. The culmination came where it had no business to culminate—in a country that was not particularly industrial, and not even in that sense capitalistic. The Bolsheviks were victorious, and were puzzled by their victory. Their own political triumph was their own philosophical defeat. By all their calculations, it ought to have been in New York or London that the Class War occurred. It is in Whitehall that we ought to see the Red Guards instead of the Horse Guards. It is in the British Labour Party that we ought to have beheld Trotsky instead of Thomas. After a careful scrutiny of Whitehall and Westminster and the Western world in general, the scientific Socialist came to the conclusion that this state of things does not exactly exist. The scientific Socialist even inferred that there must be something a little wrong with his scientific theory of Socialism. Nothing remained but to disprove on behalf of Bolshevism what had been so completely proved on behalf of Socialism.

A certain Mr. Goldenweiser has put it all right. At least, he has proved that the Marxian materialists are all right, by proving that they were all wrong. In the chief Communist magazine, the *Liberator*, his opportune discoveries are set forth with triumphant joy. Evidently it was necessary for somebody to discover as soon as possible that it was *not* necessary to pass through all the evolutionary stages, as proved on previous occasions; and Mr. Goldenweiser has hastened without further delay to discover it. I gather that in digging up his discovery, he throws away as rubbish all the other recent discoveries. Indeed, he throws away the whole theory on which



GLOVES USED IN CRETE FIFTY YEARS BEFORE TUTANKHAMEN: AN UNPUBLISHED FRESCO FROM THE PALACE OF MINOS AT KNOSSOS.

Several more gloves have been found since the first one in Tutankhamen's tomb, some with peculiar divisions of the fingers, as though intended for driving. They are the oldest gloves ever discovered, but they do not, as hitherto supposed, represent the earliest record of gloves being worn. Sir Arthur Evans, who has kindly sent us the above illustration from the eagerly awaited second volume of his "Palace of Minos," writes of it: "On an unpublished fresco from the west front of the palace at Knossos is a female figure seated on a camp-stool, with one long glove hanging from the stool and another on her lap. The date of the fresco is about fifty years earlier than Tutankhamen's time."

By Courtesy of Sir Arthur Evans. From an Illustration to appear in the forthcoming Vol. II. of his Monumental Work, "The Palace of Minos" (Macmillan).

every progressive person has been educated. He "sets forth with brevity and essential clearness the position taken by the most advanced group of anthropologists"; and it is the very opposite of the position to which all other advanced groups have hitherto prided themselves on advancing. Goldenweiser seems

quite furious with "the almost slavish acceptance of the doctrine of the superiority of the present civilisation to any other which has been heretofore developed," the doctrine by which all the other Goldenweisers have heretofore been indoctrinated. The reviewer does indeed say that "anthropology has progressed far since 1877, when Morgan first set forth his theories as to the development of the human race"; but apparently anthropology has now progressed to the point of denying progress. Anyhow, Man did exist even before Morgan. The period from 1877 until to-day is hardly a very long section of the "development of the human race," or even of the theories about it, which have always been a considerable crop. But even within this short period, it would seem that progress has progressed by turning head-over-heels, and anthropology come full circle and completely contradicted itself. But it is not only over the superiority of modern to ancient civilisation that it has contradicted itself. Indeed, even the admiring reviewer is alarmed at the extent of the next overturn. He says that "the economic determinist smiles in agreement" with the idea of man utterly at the mercy of his civilisation and unconscious even of his own impotence.

I never saw an economic determinist smile, and from the tone of the review I should hardly think that smiles were his strong point. I should rather like him to answer me a little question of mine; which is: "If the mind is manufactured by conditions and cannot correct itself, how can a Bolshevik be sure that his own Bolshevism is any more correct than anything else?" But that is another story. Anyhow, the economic determinist smiles a smile more dreadful than his own dreadful frown, when he learns that everybody (including himself) is a victim of environment, poisoned by prejudice about everything. But the reviewer admits that he ceases to smile, and even begins to stare, when he reads such a reversal of all our scientific ideas as the following: "The evolutionary doctrine as applied to societies is put to the test—and found wanting. 'While hunting belongs without question to one of the earliest economic pursuits, it persists through all subsequent stages; agriculture was practised by many tribes that had never passed through a pastoral stage, nor kept domestic animals.'" It will be noted, as usual, that this negation is given with the air of a novelty. The truth is, as usual, that the thing which it negatives was never anything better than an equally fleeting novelty. Who ever said that agricultural humanity had passed through a nomadic stage, except a few of the same sort of professors, or possibly the same professors? Who in his five wits required to be told that hunting is still going on, unless it be a few of the learned who are never told anything, because they are always telling us. Who ever said that the evolutionary doctrine *could* be applied to societies, except the same sort of social evolutionists? This sort of progressive is first proud of being invariably right, and then prouder still of discovering that he was entirely wrong.

But there is yet a third example of explosion of the fairy tales of science; and in the light of that we come at last on the real motive of all this mysterious sacrifice of scientific idols. If there was one thing which we were all told was "science," it was that the different races had different natural powers and possibly even different origins. Now it appears that "our greater understanding of the organisation, industry and ideas of primitive communities makes it difficult to speak of stages of development, of higher or lower cultures. The biological unity of the human race, the equal potentialities of racial groups, stand out sharply." But in the sentence before the reviewer reveals the real issue; when he turns and rends the recent philosophy of his own school, crying, "In the light of this later literature it is nothing short of fantastic to talk of the pre-determined failure of the Russian Revolution because Russia skipped a step in the fixed economic development of nations." I quite agree that it is fantastic to talk like that, or to speak of the pre-determined failure of anything. But I submit that it was not poor old orthodox people like ourselves who indulged in the fantasy. And the religious were called reactionary when they believed in the biological unity of the human race, and called it the brotherhood of men.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PORTRAIT OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN BY COURTESY OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT, TOPICAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SPEIGHT, BASSANO, LAFAYETTE, AND C.N.

A NEW COMMONS PERSONALITY: MR. MITCHELL BANKS, M.P.

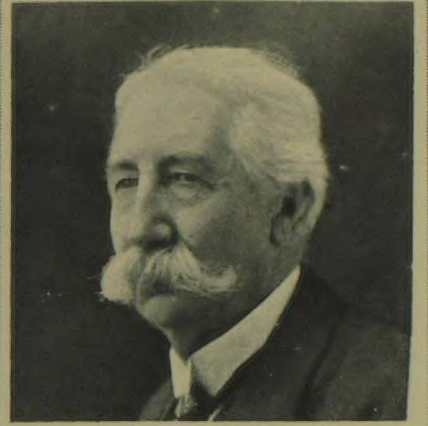


A GREAT BECHUANALAND RULER: THE LATE CHIEF KHAMA (R.), WITH HIS SON AND SUCCESSOR.

A NEW ZEALAND EX-MINISTER: THE LATE SIR W. HERRIES.



A NEW COMMONS PERSONALITY: MR. JAMES C. WELSH, M.P., THE MINERS' POET.



AN EX-PREMIER OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA: THE LATE HON. J. G. JENKINS.



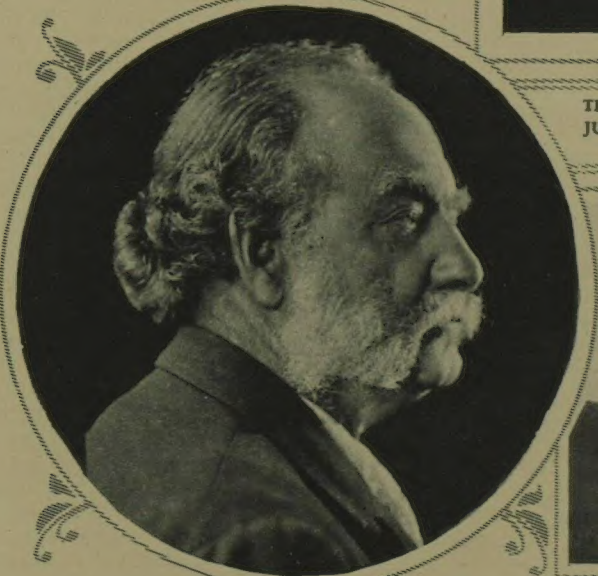
ARRESTED BY LITHUANIANS, AND RELEASED: GENERAL CARTON DE WIART, V.C.



THE BUILDER OF ST. PAUL'S, WHOSE BICENTENARY HAS JUST BEEN KEPT: SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN—A PORTRAIT BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.



AN EMINENT ADVOCATE: THE LATE SIR CHARLES GILL, K.C.



DONOR OF £100,000 TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY: SIR ALFRED YARROW, THE FAMOUS SHIPBUILDER.



PRINCESS YOLANDA'S FIANCÉ IN A FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP: COUNT CALVI DI BERGOLO CLEARING A BIG JUMP.



A GREAT BUILDER OF THE ENTENTE: THE LATE M. DELCASSÉ, THE FAMOUS FRENCH STATESMAN.

Mr. Mitchell Banks, whose brilliant maiden speech urging the evacuation of Mesopotamia impressed the House, is Conservative M.P. for Swindon.—Mr. James C. Welsh, M.P. (Labour) for Coatbridge, the "Miners' Poet," also made an eloquent maiden speech in seconding the Labour amendment to the Address.—Khama, the great chief of the Bamangwato tribe in Bechuanaland, died at his capital, Serowe, on February 21. He was a Christian, and was baptized in 1860. He always stood for a Protectorate under the British Crown. His son, Sekgoma, who succeeds, was reconciled to him, after 25 years' estrangement, three years ago, and had since assisted him in his rule.—Sir William Herries was formerly Minister of Railways and Native Affairs in New Zealand, and had been 27 years in Parliament.—The Hon. J. G. Jenkins became Premier of South Australia in 1901,

and in 1905 Agent-General for South Australia in London.—General Carton de Wiart, V.C., and Major E. H. Grant, both of the British Military Mission to Warsaw, were arrested by Lithuanians near Vilna on February 18, and taken to Kovno, where they were released on proving their identity.—Sir Charles Gill appeared in the famous Baccarat case. From 1890 to 1921 he was Recorder of Chichester.—Sir Alfred Yarrow's munificent gift to the Royal Society is to promote scientific research. He is head of the great Clyde shipbuilding firm.—Count Calvi di Bergolo, who is to marry the King of Italy's eldest daughter, is one of the most daring and skilful horsemen in the Italian cavalry.—M. Théophile Delcassé, the great French statesman, was one of the chief makers of the Franco-British Entente in 1904. He was again Foreign Minister in 1914.

THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF ULSTER IN BELFAST: A STATE ENTRY.

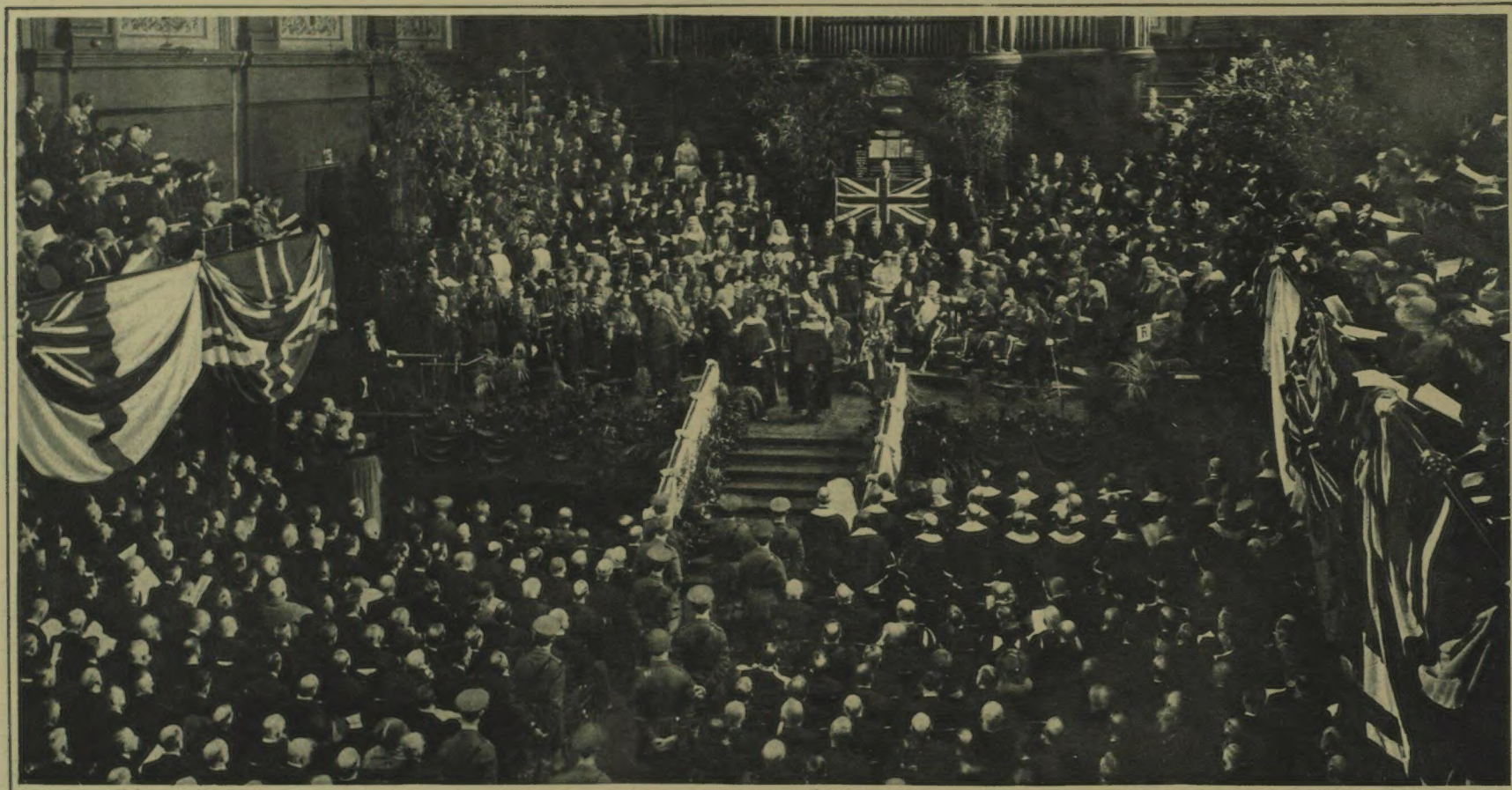
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.



A GROUP TAKEN ON THE GOVERNOR'S ARRIVAL: (L. TO R.) LADY PIRRIE, LADY CRAIG, SIR J. CRAIG, LORD LONDONDERRY, THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN, LORD PIRRIE.



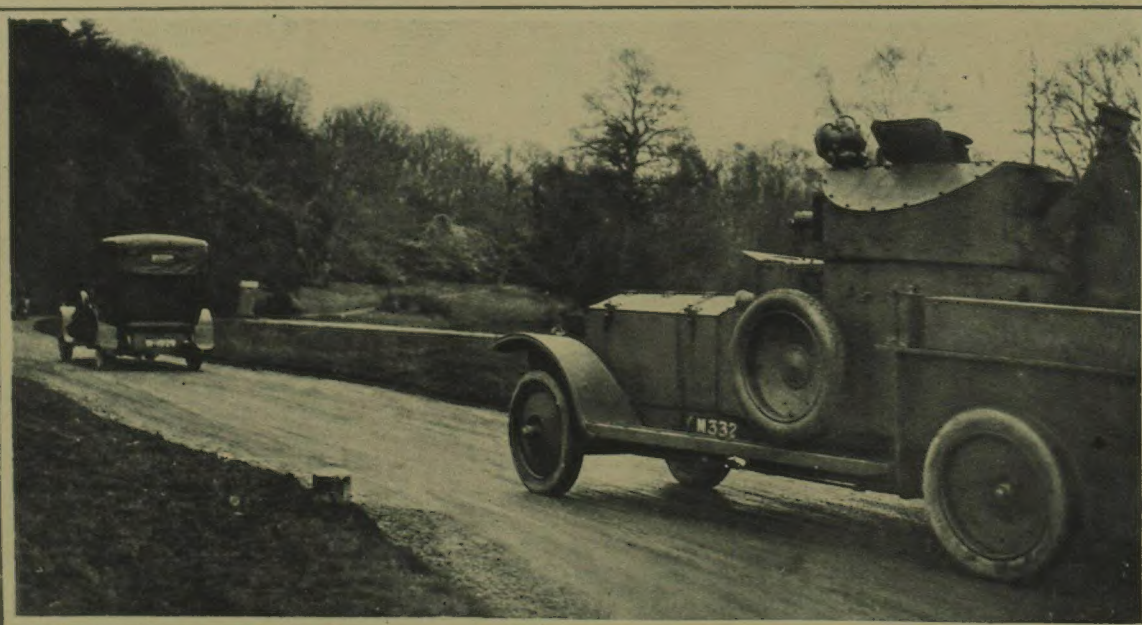
INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR (SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY): THE DUKE OF ABERCORN OUTSIDE THE ULSTER HALL.



"A UNISON OF COMMON LOYALTY" AND A CONSPECTUS OF "THE VIGOROUS AND MANY-SIDED LIFE OF NORTHERN IRELAND": THE DUKE OF ABERCORN RECEIVING REPRESENTATIVES OF 119 SEPARATE BODIES IN THE ULSTER HALL, BELFAST.



HANDING THE DUKE A GOLD KEY OF THE CITY: THE LORD MAYOR OF BELFAST, ALDERMAN W. G. TURNER.



AN ARMOURD CAR AS AN ESCORT TO THE GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN IRELAND: FOLLOWING THE DUKE'S CAR ON HIS DRIVE TO BELFAST.

The Duke of Abercorn, as the first titular Governor of Northern Ireland, made a State entry into Belfast on February 26. The proposed open-air ceremony at the city boundary was abandoned owing to rain, and the presentation by the Lord Mayor of a gold key, symbolising the loyalty of Belfast, took place instead at Stormont Castle. The Governor's procession, consisting of four motor-cars with an escort of cavalry and mounted police, traversed the city to the Ulster Hall, where, in the vestibule, presentations were made by Lord Pirrie, H.M. Lieutenant for the

City of Belfast. The Duke then took up his position on the dais, where he received deputations and addresses from 119 different bodies, representing among them every side of life in Ulster. In a telegram to the King the Duke said: "With humble duty I beg to inform your Majesty that I have to-day received a most enthusiastic and loyal welcome as your representative in Northern Ireland, upon my official entry into Belfast. On behalf of the loyal inhabitants of all classes in Northern Ireland I send expressions of devotion and fealty."

PRESAGING SQUALLS: THE BRIGHTEST LUNAR HALO OF RECENT YEARS.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S. THE WELL-KNOWN ASTRONOMER-ARTIST.



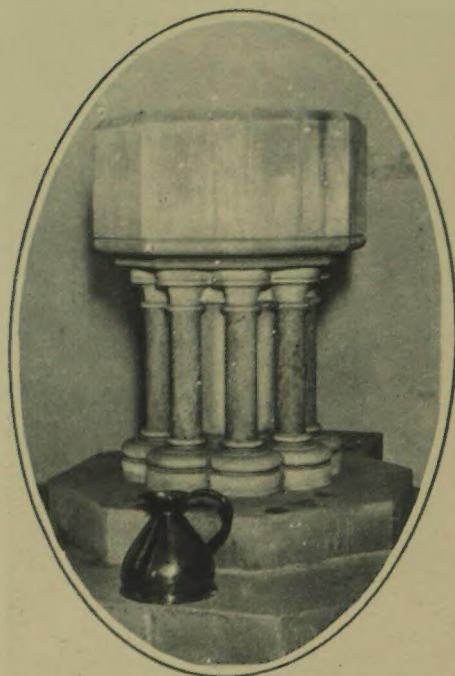
"A SURE FORERUNNER OF THE UNPROFITIOUS WEATHER SINCE EXPERIENCED": THE BRILLIANT LUNAR HALO OVER THE CHANNEL ON FEBRUARY 22, AS OBSERVED FROM DEAL—SHOWING A STEAMER SILHOUETTED.

"A lunar halo, or moon-ring," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "is a somewhat rare phenomenon in this country. The weather prophet knows only too well that, when one does appear, it nearly always portends an unpleasant spell of rain and squall. What may be regarded as one of the most brilliant halos of recent years was witnessed from several parts in the south of England on Thursday evening, February 22. It consisted of several rings encircling a low moon. At Deal, the phenomenon afforded a brilliant spectacle, on a par with that manifested in Polar latitudes. The huge rings formed a glistening white arch spanning the Channel, and apparently resting upon the sea. Distant vessels were silhouetted against a

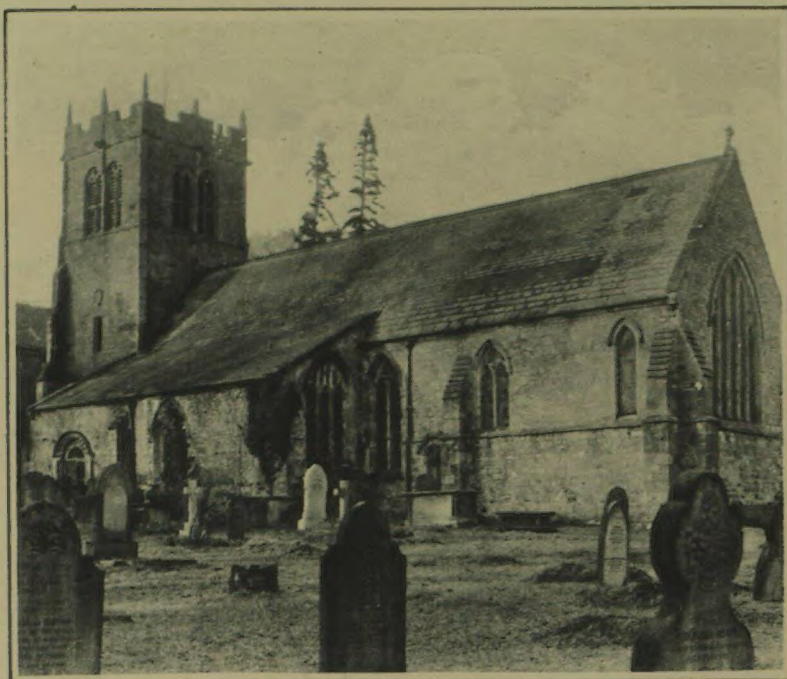
weird luminiferous background. It was a sure forerunner of the unpropitious weather since experienced. A halo, or great dusky ring round either the moon or the sun, usually denotes an approaching depression, indicated by a low reading of the barometer. A day or so after its appearance, the sky becomes streaked by cirrus, which assumes fantastic shapes, and is ultimately followed by gales and heavy, low-level rain-clouds. The moon-ring measures 44 degrees in diameter. Its presence is due to reflection and refraction of moonlight in shining through myriads of floating ice-crystals. It is formed at a height of 5 or 6 miles, in temperature about 50 degrees below zero."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF TOPICAL EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND G.P.U.



AT GOLDSBOROUGH, WHERE PRINCESS MARY'S SON WILL BE CHRISTENED: THE FONT IN THE CHURCH.



WHERE THE INFANT SON OF PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES WILL BE CHRISTENED ON PALM SUNDAY: GOLDSBOROUGH PARISH CHURCH.



A POSSIBLE ALTERNATIVE TO THAT IN THE CHURCH: THE OLD FONT IN GOLDSBOROUGH CHURCHYARD.



PUBLISHED IN THE IRISH PRESS AS A PEACE APPEAL: THE DEATH-MASK OF MICHAEL COLLINS.



ANOTHER KENSINGTON BUILDING CONTROVERSY: THE DESIGN FOR A NEW CINEMA HALL, OPPOSED BY THE BOROUGH COUNCIL.



A "WITCH-DOCTOR" AS HANDBILL DISTRIBUTOR: "WILDEST AFRICA" AT THE PHILHARMONIC HALL.



WITH A SATIRICAL NOTICE—"FRENCH CULTURE MUSEUM"—AFFIXED TO THE DOOR: THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AT BOCHUM, AND A GERMAN CROWD.

It was decided recently that the infant son of Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles should be christened on Palm Sunday (March 25), at the parish church of Goldsbrough, their home in Yorkshire, where the announcement has caused much satisfaction. The King and Queen will travel to Goldsbrough on the 24th from Knowsley, where they will be staying during that week for the Grand National.—The death-mask of Michael Collins, made by the sculptor Mr. F. Doyle Jones, was illustrated in the Irish papers as an appeal for peace to those still under arms reminding them of the waste of Ireland's best men in fratricidal strife.—Kensington residents are concerned, not only with the threatened



NOT SO "BLACK" AS GERMANS PAINT THEM: PICKED COLOURED MEN AMONG FRENCH COLONIAL TROOPS IN THE RUHR, ON GOOD TERMS WITH THEIR OFFICER.

"commercial invasion" of Kensington Square, but with a proposal to build a new cinema hall in Leonard Place. The L.C.C. Committee has recommended the grant of a license for it, but the Kensington Borough Council opposes it. The architects state that the scheme does not include a producing studio and dancing hall.—At Bochum, in the Ruhr, on February 24, French troops seized the Chamber of Commerce, which had organised a boycott of the French in the shops.—The German charges against black soldiers among the French Colonial troops on the Rhine have been described in an American officer's report as "false and intended for political propaganda."

A Royal Ski-Jumper: The Crown Prince of Norway in Mid-Air at a Championship Meeting.



WHERE THE WORLD'S RECORD SKI-JUMP, IT IS SAID, WAS MADE BY A NORWEGIAN: PRINCE OLAV COMPETING AT HOLMENKOLBAKKEN.

The Crown Prince Olav of Norway, son of King Christian and Queen Maud, and a nephew of King George, is a keen winter-sportsman, and competed on February 26 in the annual ski-jumping competition at Holmenkolbakken, when his royal parents were present. In the first round he made a standing jump of 125 feet, but fell on reaching level ground; in the second round he also made a fine jump, but fell half-way down the hill. A "falling" jump does not count. The above

photograph, taken at the same place, shows him in mid-air during a jump, with a crowd of spectators, looking very small, on the level ground far below. Our correspondent who sends the photograph claims that the record for the longest ski-jump (180 feet) was made by the Norwegian champion, Olaf Kaasa, in Norway last winter, while that of Nels Nelson in Canada (mentioned by us as the record in our issue of December 9 last) was 30 feet shorter.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY E. E. WALKER, CHRISTIANIA.

The "Rugger" Entente: Wales Victorious over France and Scotland over Ireland.



WINNERS AGAINST FRANCE BY 16 POINTS TO 8: THE WELSH TEAM IN THE INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER" MATCH AT SWANSEA.



BEATEN IN THE ELEVENTH WALES v. FRANCE MATCH, WHICH FRANCE HAS NEVER WON: THE FRENCH TEAM AT SWANSEA.



DEFEATED BY SCOTLAND IN THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH PLAYED AT DUBLIN ON FEBRUARY 24: THE IRISH TEAM.



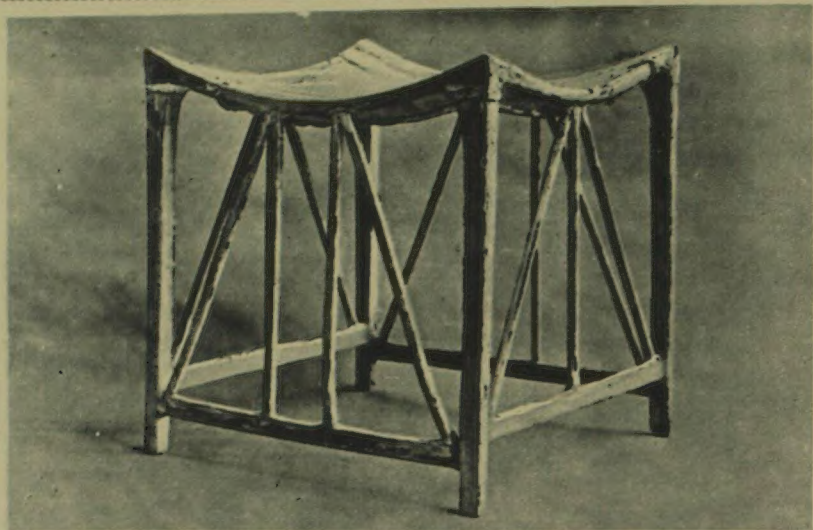
WINNERS AGAINST IRELAND BY 13 POINTS TO 3: THE SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER" TEAM AT DUBLIN.

Wales beat France by 2 goals, 1 penalty goal, and 1 try to 1 goal and 1 try; while Scotland beat Ireland by 2 goals and 1 try to 1 try. The teams were:—Wales—J. Rees, T. Johnson, M. G. Thomas, A. Jenkins, Rowe Harding, D. John, W. Delahay, T. Parker (captain), G. Thomas, A. Baker, H. Michael, L. Jenkins, S. Morris, Mapson Williams, and D. Pascoe. France—J. Clément, M. Lalande, H. Behotéguy, R. Ramis, A. Jaurreguy, C. Lacazedieu, A. Dupont, R. Lasserre (captain), J. Etcheverry, J. Castets, R. Moureau, A. Cassayet, G. Larrieu, L. Beguet,

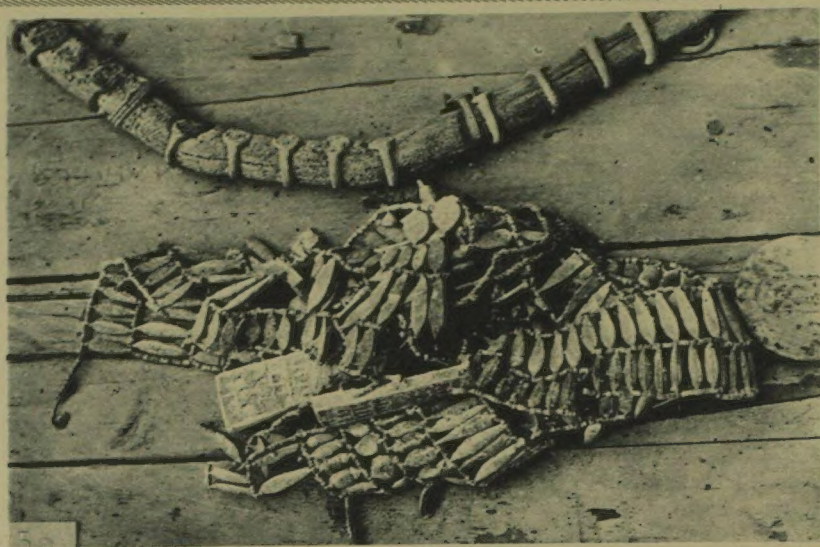
and A. Bayard; Referee—Mr. B. McGowan. Ireland—W. E. Crawford, D. Cussen, G. V. Stephenson, J. Gardiner, E. A. McClenaghan, W. Cunningham, W. Hall, M. J. Bradley, R. Collopy, W. P. Collopy, D. Cunningham, P. Dunne, R. Gray, T. A. McLelland, and J. K. S. Thompson. Scotland—D. Drysdale, A. Browning, E. McLaren, A. L. Gracie, E. H. Liddell, S. B. McQueen, W. E. Bryce, J. M. Bannerman, J. C. Buchanan, L. M. Stuart, D. S. Davies, J. R. Lawrie, D. M. Bertram, N. MacPherson, and R. S. Simpson.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.]

TUTANKHAMEN TREASURES; THE FIRST "UNSEALING"; A QUEEN AT LUXOR.

THE THREE UPPER PHOTOGRAPHS THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT, BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE EARL OF CARNARVON. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES, THE DIRECTOR, AND MR. LYTGOE, CURATOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.



FOUND IN THE ANTE-CHAMBER OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB: A TRELLIS-WORK STOOL OF WHITE-PAINTED WOOD—ONE OF THE FIRST DETAILED PHOTOGRAPHS OF INDIVIDUAL OBJECTS.



WITH PENDANTS OF COLOURED GLAZE REPRESENTING PETALS, FRUITS, AND PALM-LEAVES: A FAÏENCE COLLARETTE AND (BEYOND) FAÏENCE RINGS STRUNG ON A ROLL OF FABRIC.



SHOWING (L. TO R.) A MAGNIFICENT SHAWABTI FIGURE OF THE KING, CARVED AND PAINTED, WITH BRONZE EMBLEMS: A SHRINE COVERED WITH EMBOSSED SHEET-GOLD; A CHARIOT YOKE; AND THE ROBBERS' HOLE INTO THE (STILL UNEXPLORED) ANNEXE: THE SOUTHERN END OF THE ANTE-CHAMBER AFTER IT HAD BEEN CLEARED.



WITH COATS OFF OWING TO THE GREAT HEAT OF THE TOMB: ENTERING TO WITNESS THE FIRST "UNSEALING."



INCOGNITO, AS COUNTESS DE RETHY AND COUNT DE RETHY: THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS AND HER SON, THE CROWN PRINCE, LEAVING LUXOR STATION FOR THE WINTER PALACE HOTEL ON THEIR ARRIVAL.



EXPERTS ON THE SEALS AND INSCRIPTIONS: (L. TO R.) DR. ALAN GARDINER AND PROFESSOR BREASTED (U.S.).

The first penetration of the sealed and blocked-up door into Tutankhamen's burial-chamber (preliminary to the official opening) took place on February 16, in the presence of twenty people, including Dr. Alan Gardiner and Professor J. H. Breasted (the well-known American Egyptologist), who have given invaluable help in deciphering seals and inscriptions. The actual work of breaking through the wall—a task of some hours—could not have been done at the official opening (on the 18th), as it would have meant keeping the guests waiting so long in the very hot and oppressive atmosphere of the tomb. The principal guest at the official opening was the Queen of the Belgians, who, with her son, the Crown Prince Leopold,

and attended by Professor Cappart, arrived at Luxor by special train and drove to the Winter Palace Hotel. The top right-hand photograph shows a collarette and rings of faience, probably used in festivals. The rings, strung on a roll of fabric, bear the king's name. The most interesting objects in the centre illustration are a wooden "naos" (shrine) covered with heavy sheet-gold embossed, and (just to the left of it) a magnificent "shawabti" figure of Tutankhamen in carved and painted wood, with bronze emblems, and a long incised religious text down the front. On the right is the hole in the wall by which ancient robbers entered the annexe, which is full of treasures as yet unexplored.

TUTANKHAMEN TREASURES: EXQUISITE GEMS OF EGYPTIAN DECORATION.

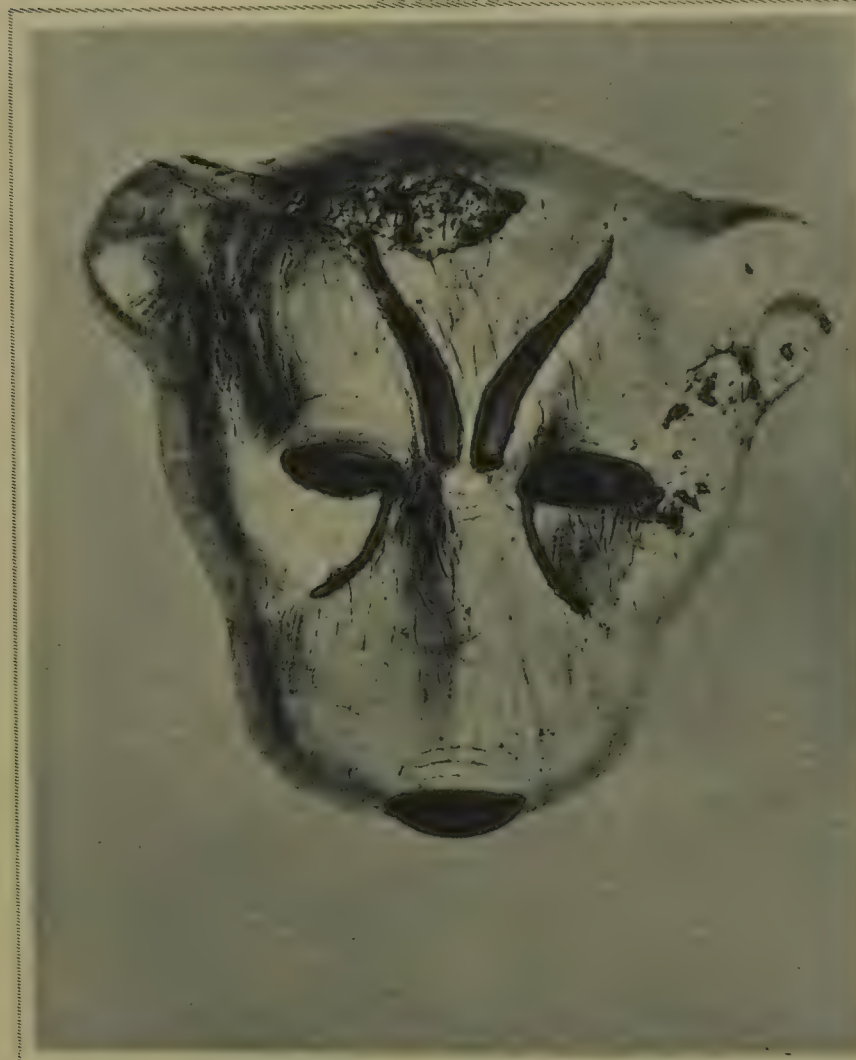
THE "TIMES" WORLD COPYRIGHT, BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE EARL OF CARNARVON. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, EXPEDITION; LENT BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES, THE DIRECTOR, AND MR. LYTGOE, CURATOR OF THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT.



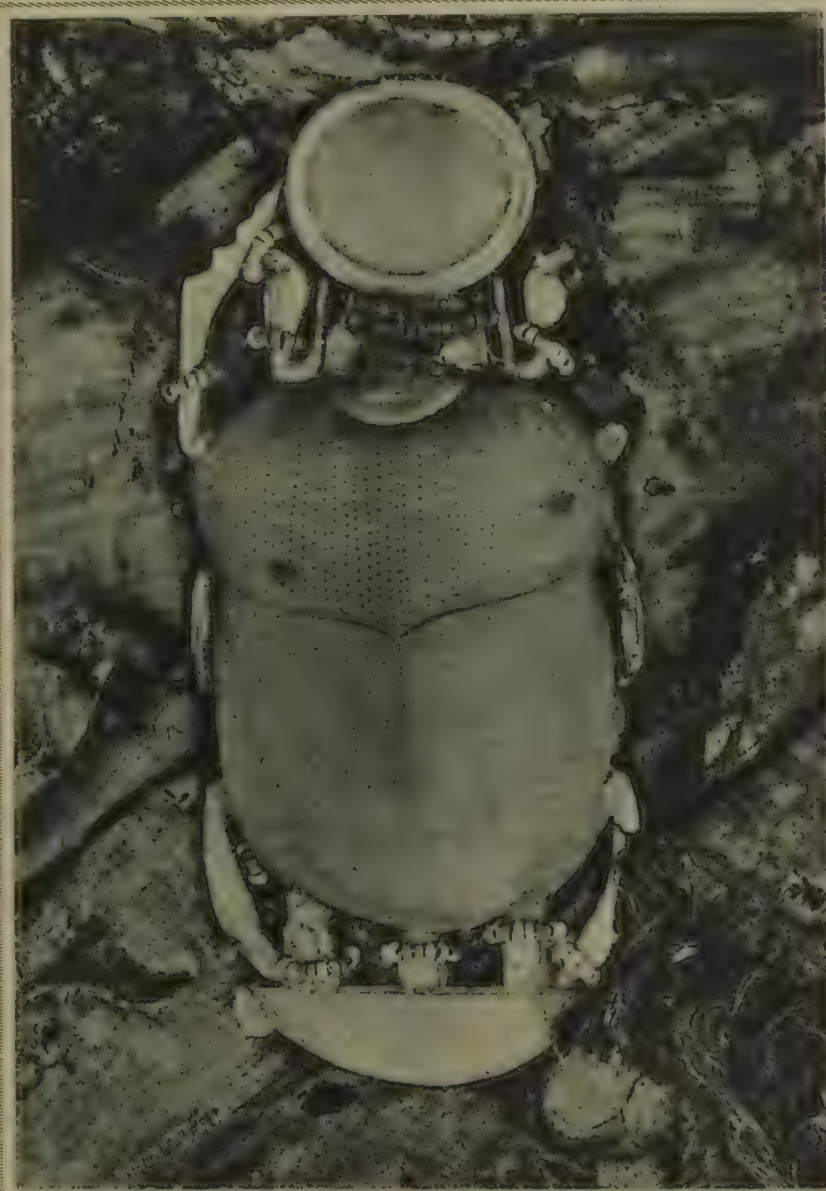
ORNAMENTED WITH THE SYMBOL OF UNITY (CENTRE), LOTUS AND PAPYRUS BINDING THE "TWO LANDS" (UPPER AND LOWER EGYPT): A CARVED WOOD STOOL, PAINTED WHITE, ON BRONZE FEET.



TUTANKHAMEN IN BATTLE: ONE SIDE OF THE FAMOUS PAINTED CASKET; THE VAULTED LID REPRESENTING A ROYAL HUNT; AND THE END, WITH THE KING IN ANDRO-SPHINX FORM.



FROM A SEM-PRIEST'S ROBE FOUND INSIDE THE PAINTED CASKET ILLUSTRATED IN THE RIGHT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE: A BUCKLE IN THE FORM OF A LEOPARD'S HEAD.



SEWN ON TUTANKHAMEN'S ROBE: A MAGNIFICENT SCARAB BUCKLE, IN THE FORM OF THE KING'S NAME, WROUGHT IN GOLD AND SILVER, INLAID WITH CARNELIAN, LAPIS LAZULI GLASS, AND TURQUOISE GLASS.

The discoverers of Tutankhamen's tomb and their helpers have been suffering from an embarrassment of riches, and the disclosure of fresh treasures on the unsealing of the burial-chamber made it clear that it would be impossible to deal with them all now, and carry on the work through the heat of summer. They accordingly decided to close the tomb entirely until the autumn, thus affording the staff the prospect of a much-needed respite. Meanwhile they have continued to examine and treat with preservatives the numerous objects already found, and

the contents of boxes and caskets. We illustrate some of these here, including the beautiful painted casket, whose side and vaulted lid have not been shown in detail in previous photographs. The gold scarab buckle is in the form of the king's name, Kheperu-Neb-Ra; the Ra being inlaid carnelian, the plural signs lapis lazuli glass, and the Neb sign turquoise glass. Lord Carnarvon recently stated that, if the mummy of Tutankhamen proved to be in the sarcophagus, he personally would prefer to leave it there rather than remove it to Cairo.

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

ABOUT AMATEURS AND A LITTLE PLAY.—MARIE TEMPEST COMES HOME.

I WISH I could pay more attention to the work of amateurs; generally the world is not very kind to them. The word has a somewhat unpleasant flavour. It would signify good intentions and mere

which the author reproduced the atmosphere of native life in the Rhodesian compound. There was no pretence hand there. There was the touch of observation and imagination, combined with tense power of projection. We felt it. Such is life in the wilderness, with its gruesome dances, its intrigues—under the surface quite European—its quaint habits, its elementary nature. Nor did the amateurs fail to enter into the spirit of the thing. I have rarely seen on the regular stage a native dance of exultation so poignantly rendered; rarely seen simple scenery so effectively picturing a native hut in its palisades, and, behind it, the endless plain.

Mrs. Frank Worthington herself acted the guilty wife. She looked the part, and she played it in that eerie, aloof manner which reveals the native mentality; her emotional power, too, was remarkable. Withal, it was a production well worth the bestowal of an afternoon, and if I had the say in the programmes of the Coliseum, the Palladium, and other first-class houses where sketches are given, I would plank my money and my chance on "The Dancing Poisoners" by Frank Worthington.

It is good to feel that Marie Tempest is with us again, and will remain. We

"The Marriage of Kitty," is being saddled, and when it canters out of its box it will revive glorious memories of the past and illuminate the present. Then Graham Browne, too, will have his great chance, and we shall all be glad of it. He is modest enough to shine in the second place, because he adores and worships his wife (as well he may!), but he is himself a fine actor with a very ingratiating personality, and, given the right part—as, for instance, in "Kitty" and kindred plays—he displays much of the verve of his famous partner. As for Marie, it is gladness to state that she has returned from the Colonies unspoiled—only younger, and still more elegant in figure. The three things combined are nothing short of a miracle. To brave hot suns, the feasting of a star in distant climes, to escape deterioration after playing for years in vast theatres lacking intimacy such as ours, and having to lay it on "thick," as the stage parlance goes, because great effect is demanded by Canadian and Colonial audiences—it is a question of temperament, not intended as criticism of our dear folk across the seas—to be as fresh, as vivacious, as captivating as ever after travail and travelling, is indeed a rare privilege. Add to this that she still sings as bewitchingly as in the days when we were all madly in love with "The Red Hussar" and "The Geisha," and you may well apply to her all the things of beauty and praise which our great author Israel Zangwill, in his admirable speech at Marie's O.P. banquet on Feb. 18, showered on her.

If I were the guide of Marie Tempest's career, I would forthwith ask Edwin Evans to approach her with his pet scheme, the revival of Opéra Comique. Fancy Marie Tempest as the Belle Elaine, as Pêrichole, as the Grande Duchesse! Fancy it, boys—boys of to-day and boys that remained boys since yesteryear! Why, my pen sprints and my feet dance as I hum the tunes while writing! With the libretti up to date, polished and vivified, with Marie Tempest as the heroine of the revivals, London would become as gay as Paris when Hortense Schneider rode to the royal gates of the Exhibition of 1867, and, challenged by an inquisitive janitor as to her status, exclaimed, "Je suis la Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," and the man, in the humour of the situation, commanded, "Ouvrez les portes à deux battants!" And our Marie is more *grande dame* than Hortense ever aspired to be.



ONE SIDE OF TONY'S DIVIDED AFFECTIONS: SIR GERALD DU MAURIER AND MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD (AS MAXINE) IN "THE DANCERS," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

incompetence, yet I have seen amateur performances which could vie with the best professional work, and notably on the women's side. I have discovered actresses who, with a little training, would prove formidable rivals to certain leading ladies, spoiled by overpraise and glamour. The amateur brings often to his task something which the professional has lost in routine, or by having to play parts for the sake of bread and butter, instead of satisfying his ambition. I have sometimes been at amateur rehearsals where they rained enthusiasm as if dear life depended on it; and, in plays of serious import, I have found a penetration on the part of the actors which proves that they have done something more than merely learn their parts by heart.

The work at some of the clubs, whether they be the Strolling Players, the Wyndhams, the Vaudeville, is so remarkable that the professional critic may well regret his lack of time. Indeed, if amateurs would only get away from the trodden path and not always select plays which have had a London run, and therefore would be considered fashionable by their patrons, they could render great service to the cause of the Drama. There is no reason why gifted amateurs should not explore unacted native work and Continental plays in the same way as the Stage Society or the Play Actors. They will make mistakes, such as I witnessed the other day at the charity performance at the Kingsway organised by Mrs. Frank Worthington; but if the main play was neither a happy selection nor too well acted all round (especially by the men, all of whom were stiff and embarrassed), there was a compensation in the discovery of a budding playwright, who happened to be the husband of Mrs. Worthington. It was merely a one-act sketch, entitled "The Dancing Poisoners," laid in the compound "of one of the wives of one of the African chiefs" as the author puts it. The story, which is perhaps the least important part of the play, may be briefly described as a "Thompson case à l'Africaine." A wife of the chief wants to rid herself of him in order to wed her lover, and, when she is discovered before the act, the poison that was to set her free becomes the means of her own suicidal ending. It was very brief and very poignantly written, but what interested me deeply was the dexterity with



AN EARL'S HEIR ROUGHING IT IN CANADA, AND SUFFERING FROM DIVIDED AFFECTIONS: SIR GERALD DU MAURIER AS TONY IN "THE DANCERS," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

"The Dancers" is the joint work of Miss Viola Tree and Sir Gerald Du Maurier, who figure on the programme under the single pen-name of "Hubert Parsons." Sir Gerald himself plays the hero, Tony, an earl's heir who, while roughing it in Western Canada, falls in love with a dancer named Maxine, though engaged years before to a girl in England, Una Lowry. On coming into the title he returns to marry Una, who, however, has meanwhile been living a fast life and is "in trouble." Tragedy comes when she resists the temptation to escape the consequences by letting him marry her.

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

have no great actresses to spare, and she is truly great as a *comédienne*. On the first night there went whispers round the house—"More like Réjane than ever"; and somebody added: "Had she but returned with a Réjane play!" But that is all finished and done with. As I write, that unflinching battle-horse,



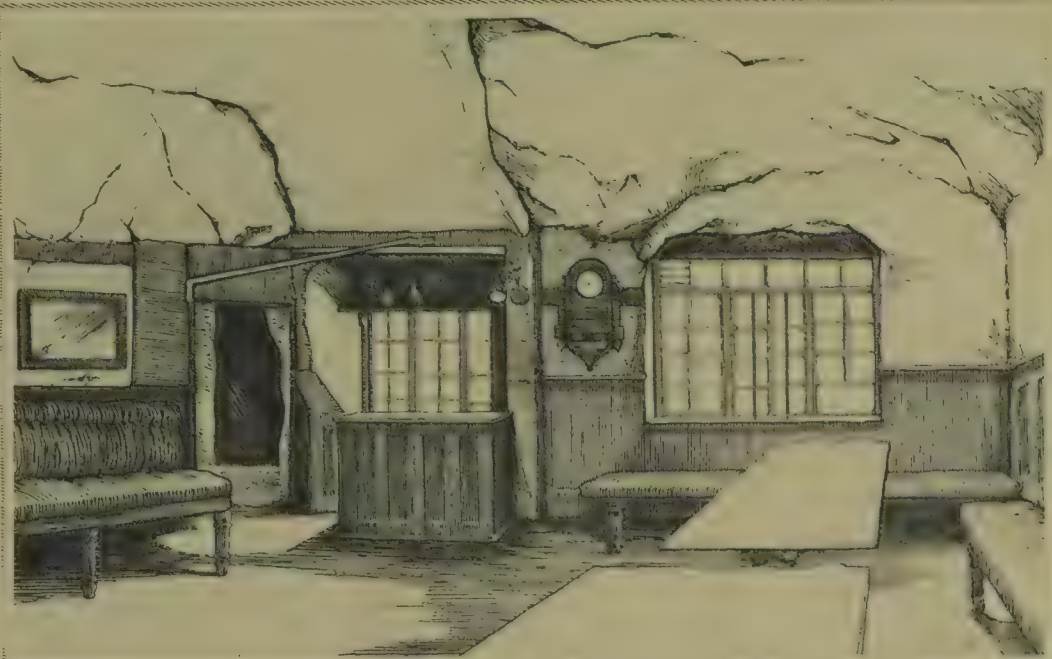
THE OTHER SIDE OF TONY'S DIVIDED AFFECTIONS: SIR GERALD DU MAURIER AND MISS AUDRY CARTEN (AS UNA) IN "THE DANCERS," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

ROBIN HOOD'S NOTTINGHAM: A RELIC OF THE MEDIÆVAL CASTLE.

DRAWINGS BY EDWARD FLEWITT.



WITH THE ENTRANCE (BRICKED UP) TO A ROCK-TUNNEL LEADING UP TO NOTTINGHAM CASTLE: MORTIMER'S ROOM.



WITH A VENTILATION-SHAFT RUNNING STRAIGHT UP THROUGH THE ROCK, AND SHOWING A GLIMPSE OF BLUE SKY 80 FT. ABOVE: ANOTHER ROCK-CHAMBER.

DESCRIBING the old inn which he has here illustrated, Mr. E. Flewitt writes: "At the back are three chambers hewn from the rock, and sundry steps and passages, one of which originally gave direct access to the hall of the castle itself. . . . The upper chambers are reached by two short flights of steps cut in the rock. The rock-room one enters first has walls panelled to a height of 4 ft., and above the panelling the sandstone, with the action of heat and damp, flakes and crumbles almost incessantly. . . . In the centre of the ceiling is a ventilation-shaft, running straight up through the rock, and looking upwards one can see the sky some 80 ft. above. It is over this chamber that runs the passage communicating with the castle. It is bricked up for safety's sake, as is its entrance to the second rock-room, at a slightly higher level . . . now used as a miniature museum."



FAMILIAR, PERHAPS, TO ROBIN HOOD: "MORTIMER'S HOLE," THE UPPER END OF THE PASSAGE TO THE CASTLE, BY WHICH HIS CAPTORS ASCENDED.



ONCE A HAUNT OF ROBIN HOOD? "YE OLDE TRIP TO JERUSALEM," AN ANCIENT INN AT THE FOOT OF CASTLE HILL, NOTTINGHAM—A RELIC OF THE THIRD CRUSADE.

The popularity of the great Robin Hood film, at the London Pavilion lends a topical interest to the early associations of Nottingham Castle, whose mediæval splendours form the chief feature of the setting. The Robin Hood of the film, played by Douglas Fairbanks, is identified, according to tradition, with the Earl of Huntingdon, outlawed by Richard Cœur-de-Lion. This brings us to the ancient inn called "Ye Olde Trip to Jerusalem," still standing at the foot of Castle Hill, Nottingham, and, as its sign records, dating from the days of Richard's Crusade in 1199. It may well have been a haunt of Robin Hood and his merry men, to whose adventurous spirits the subterranean tunnel leading from one of the rock-hewn upper rooms of the inn, up through the heart of the hill to the castle above, would have especially appealed. It was through this secret passage (now closed

as unsafe) that at midnight on October 19, 1330, adherents of young Edward III. climbed to the castle and captured his mother Queen Isabella's paramour, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was executed at Tyburn ten days later. In the same passage, in after days, the murderer Charles Peace lay hid, just above Mortimer's Room, after one of his crimes. The lower rock-chamber contains a Bible printed in 1611, old flint-locks, and other relics. Old Nottingham Castle, once the mightiest stronghold of the Midlands, was demolished and replaced by the present building 200 years ago. Brew-House Yard, a small block of buildings including the old inn, which supplied ale to the garrison, was part of the Castle offices until 1621, when it became a separate parish, continuing so until nine years ago.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

WHERE "WIDOWS' WEEDS" ARE A COAT OF MUD, AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN FRANK HURLEY.



THE INFINITE BEAUTY OF A CORAL-REEF AND THE FISH THAT INHABIT IT": AN UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPH IN TRANSLUCENT TROPICAL SEAS.



PLASTERED FROM HEAD TO FOOT WITH MUD, AND TIED WITH GRASS LIGATURES: A KAIMARI WIDOW IN MOURNING.



IN SOLEMN CONCLAVE OVER THE AIRMEN'S REQUEST TO PURCHASE A SACRED PACKAGE BENEATH THE HOLY IMUNU: A PAPUAN "PARLIAMENT"—THE ASSEMBLY IN THE GREAT RAVI OF KAIMARI.

Captain Frank Hurley, the well-known explorer-photographer, accompanied by Mr. McCulloch as scientist, recently made an expedition to Papua, and visited coast villages by seaplane. At Kaimari the natives were amazed at the machines which enabled men to fly like birds, regarding them as gods, and the priests sacrificed a number of pigs, which were solemnly conveyed in canoes and laid upon the floating seaplanes. Kaimari is the largest of the Purari Delta villages, and lies amid a fifty-mile mangrove swamp—a dreary expanse of mud and oozy desolation. The huts are built on piles and thatched with leaves of sago-palm. Raised timber causeways converge at a huge building, the Ravi, or assembly house, which is 250 ft. long and 50 ft. high. There the villagers met in conclave to debate Captain Hurley's request to purchase one of the mysterious packages that lay under the holy Imunu, grotesque images in the form of gaping alligators,

AEROPLANES "GODS" PROPITIATED WITH PIGS: PAPUA.

SUPPLIED BY FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



AMAZED AT THE SEAPLANES, WHICH THEIR OWN "OUTRIGGER" BOATS (IN LEFT FOREGROUND) CRUDELY RESEMBLE: NATIVES AT THE PILE-BUILT VILLAGE OF KAIMARI.



SHOWING (LEFT FOREGROUND) A SACRED PACKAGE CONTAINING BULL-ROARERS, CENTIPEDES, AND SCORPIONS: THE HOLY IMUNU—GROTESQUE FIGURES, WITH HOLES FOR PRIESTS TO STAND IN AND CARRY THEM ABOUT.

housed in an inner chamber of the Ravi. He succeeded in taking a flash-light photograph of them while the whole village was at a funeral, but nearly set the place on fire. After much discussion, and plentiful gifts of tobacco and rice, the explorers were allowed to extract one sacred bull-roarer from each of the packages, which also contained innumerable centipedes, scorpions, and other vermin. The high priest refused to touch the sacred bundles, and so the pleasant task of opening them fell to Mr. McCulloch. Bull-roarers are pieces of wood attached to a string, and when whirled round produce a roaring sound—the "dread voice of the Imunu." The priests use them to terrify the natives. In Papua women in mourning plaster themselves from head to foot with mud, and bind their limbs with ligatures of woven grass, until the flesh stands out in great ridges.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

WHEN one hears that a new novelist, and a young one at that, has written "English as pure as Addison's," one is moved to a tickling curiosity chastened with scepticism. Such a gift at this time of day would be a godsend, and if the work lived up to reputation, much might be forgiven to the writer, supposing that his matter were not equal to his

"Of all metamorphoses or transmigrations," says Sir Thomas Browne, "I believe only one, that is of Lot's wife; for that of Nabuchodonosor proceeded not so far. . . . I believe . . . that the souls of men know neither contrary nor corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the privilege of their own proper natures and without a miracle; that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of heaven; that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood and villainy; instilling and stealing into our hearts that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world." Thus the seventeenth-century devout man of science toward the occult.

The more hazardous position of a tolerant twentieth-century philosopher, now fully convinced that psychic phenomena present a certain basis of reality that calls for sober scientific investigation, is very well illustrated by Professor Oesterreich, of Tübingen, in "Occultism and Modern Science" (Methuen; 6s.). The original German work, first published in 1920, saw a second edition in six months. Professor Oesterreich is quite alive to the disabilities and puerilities of ordinary "spiritism," and he would impose the most rigid tests upon mediums. His practical assistance at séances does not seem as yet to be large, and one wonders, if he had a free hand at "sittings," whether he would get results in support of his conviction that there is really something there for science to investigate. His anxiety to keep an open mind seems, however, to be taking the edge off his scepticism about the performances he describes. As a guide to leading cases, the book is interesting, but the Herr Professor, without intending it, has written a convincing exposure of spiritism. Yet, if he will only go boldly to the mediums with his rigorous tests, it may not, after all, be a case of another good man gone wrong.

It is surprising that Professor Oesterreich should think his examples of "cross-correspondence" in automatic writing worthy of serious examination. The alleged occult coincidences could be paralleled by the mere chance connection between a passage in his

book and several new volumes that happen to lie before me. Here is the passage—

The experiences and knowledge of [medially disposed] people would be inherited from generation to generation, and a perfect medium would thus be able to recount the adventures of Rameses the Great or of Alexander. He might become the spiritual witness of the erection of the Pyramids and of the invocation of Jupiter Ammon.

And here are the books in question: "AND IN THE TOMB WERE FOUND—" by Terence Gray (Heffer; 7s. 6d.), which contains a surprising and most diverting imaginary adventure of Rameses the Great; "EGYPT OLD AND NEW," by Percy F. Martin (Allen and Unwin; 21s.), which has something to say about Alexander and the Pyramids; and "SIWA: THE OASIS OF JUPITER AMMON," by C. Dalrymple Belgrave (The Bodley Head; 15s.). Odd as coincidence, but scarcely occult.

For the topical touch in titles "And in the Tomb were Found" ought to score highest marks at the present moment. It is a timely study in Egyptology, popular but careful. Part is history, part fiction. Mr. Gray, author of "The Life of Hatshepsut," without any claims to mediumship other than the mediumship of historical imagination, has tried to reconstruct Ancient Egypt in four plays illustrating the life of the Pharaohs of the IVth, XIIth, XIXth, and XVIIth Dynasties. He begins with Khufu (Cheops), builder of the Great Pyramid. I found three of the dramas a trifle over-elaborate and dullish (the stage directions make Mr. Shaw's seem short), but the fourth, an adventure in the old age of Rameses the Great, is a neat and agreeable piece of fooling. The monarch, ninety-eight and *blasé*, is giving his courtiers much trouble to amuse him. An astute official suggests the calling in of "that elder of the Israilu who with his brother so diverted the royal heart by turning his staff into the semblance of a serpent." The cure for *ennui*, it appears, is plagues, and just before the curtain falls Rameses is declaring happily (unlike Queen

Victoria on a famous occasion), "My Majesty . . . is . . . amused." But next moment, alas! he is asleep. (Curtain.)

"Egypt Old and New," a fat four-square volume, is more popular still, and is frankly a piece of book-making. Its arrangement of the mass of information leaves a good deal to be desired. There is copious material, for example, that would have made an excellent compendious note on the Nilometer, had it only been kept together. And when one hears of a Mr. Hitchens (*sic*) who has written on Egypt, and of the "Archaeleon" (so given in the text and so indexed), the ex-Kaiser's palace at Corfu, one fears that the book lacks care. The style is engagingly naive: we are told that Alexander the Great "died, sad to say, from the effects of his debauchery." Hearty praise, however, is due to the illustrations.

To complete the list of books thus curiously and unconsciously heralded by the German psychologist's "cross-correspondence," there remains "Siwa: the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon," a history ancient and very much down to date of that romantic portion of the Libyan Desert. In an introductory letter to the author, Sir Reginald Wingate says: "Surely your story will stimulate interest not only in the archaeologist, but in all who desire to trace the manners, customs, and characteristics of present-day peoples to their original sources. Those Siwans of whom you make a special study are of all people the most interesting, for living, as it were, on an island in a sea of desert, they are less affected by changes than those who inhabit the main highways of the great African continent." On the mystery of the origin of the oracle of Ammon, consulted by Alexander, Mr. Dalrymple Belgrave throws a little new light. An admirable work.

Serendipity, or chance, has decreed that I must end as I began, with metamorphosis, disguise, and just a touch of the occult. Here comes Miss Berta Ruck with "SIR OR MADAM" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), a sparkling and fascinating study of dual personality, a girl "with a dash-of-boy," disguised as a boy and realising the ensuing conflict between real and assumed sex. Fiction has endless heroines tricked out as men, but Guelda Rhos is unique in her revelation of the delicate *impasses* that must arise every moment out of such a situation. The story is far more than a bon-bon for good girls. Its subtlety, fun and deft play of literary allusion held a hardened reviewer spellbound from start to finish.



COURTIER AND STATESMAN UNDER HENRY VIII.: CHARLES BRANDON, FIRST DUKE OF SUFFOLK—A PORTRAIT BY HANS EWORTH, IN THE WIMBORNE SALE. (PANEL, 50½ IN. BY 39½ IN.). This very interesting historical portrait is in the British, Flemish, and French section of Lord Wimborne's pictures to be sold at Christie's on March 9. Charles Brandon, born in 1484, became Squire of the Royal Body to Henry VIII., Chamberlain of the Principality of North Wales, 1509, and Marshal of King's Bench, 1510. He was created Duke of Suffolk in 1514.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

manner. The first page, however, sets doubts at rest on both counts. The English is excellent, even if the undeniably Addisonian touch of the opening is not always sustained, and the story of "LADY INTO FOX" by David Garnett (Chatto and Windus; 5s.), is as ingenious a piece of fantasy as we have seen for many a long day.

A wit once described the English fox-hunter as "the unspeakable in chase of the uneatable." Squire Tebrick, however, was anything but an unspeakable person (except on one trying occasion), and the vixen he was fated to pursue (although not with hounds) once upon a time had qualities that were to him, in an amorous, figurative sense, eminently eatable. For she was none other than his adored wife Sylvia, metamorphosed in some way unexplained. We are not concerned about an explanation, but simply accept the amazing fact and read on breathlessly to see the upshot.

Mr. David Garnett, son and grandson of two eminent literary men, has made as fine a first appearance as Alan Fairford's, but, unlike Alan, he has not run away from his task. He carries it through cleanly, tackling most adroitly several situations that would have been perilous to several in unskilful hands. But already this young author writes like an old practitioner. Many novelists have shown us the sorrows of a man married to a vixen, but until Mr. Garnett came along no one had seized the obvious allegory. Such, however, is the art of this remarkable story that as we read, fascinated, we forget it may be allegorical.

Metamorphosis of a purely external kind—the metamorphosis of disguise—has been practised time and again by our old friend Mr. Mandell-Essington, under the crafty direction of his creator, Mr. J. Storer Clouston. It would be pardonable to surmise that Mr. Essington might now very well have come to the end of his tether, but he is as resourceful, entertaining, and evasive as ever. He is going strong, but you must read for yourself in order to find out whether or not Mr. Clouston gave away his *dénouement* when he called his new book "THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE" (Nash and Grayson; 7s. 6d.).



IN A FAMOUS ART COLLECTION COMING UNDER THE HAMMER PORTRAIT OF A NOBLEMAN, BY GIOVANNI BATTISTA MORONI IN THE WIMBORNE SALE. (37 IN. BY 30 IN.).

Many fine examples of the Italian School, including the above, are in the famous collection from Canford Manor, to be sold at Christie's, on behalf of Lord Wimborne, on March 9. The Dutch, German, Spanish, British, Flemish, and French Schools are also well represented. At the same sale will be offered pictures by Old Masters from the private collection of the late Mr. Asher Wertheimer, and Old Master drawings from that of the late Mr. Frederick Locker Lampson.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

"THE SAVONAROLA OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS": A POLITICAL SURPRISE.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIP BRAIN.



A CHAMPION OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS WHO OPPOSED IMMEDIATE REFERENCE OF THE RUHR QUESTION
THERETO: LORD ROBERT CECIL.

Lord Robert Cecil, who has come to be regarded as the champion, if not the embodiment, of the League of Nations in this country, caused considerable surprise recently in the House of Commons by supporting the Government against Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's amendment urging that the Ruhr question should be submitted to the League. Lord Robert said: "I am convinced that this question will have to be settled by the League of Nations, or by some such world conference as suggested. . . . I also agree that the League is fully qualified to deal with it. . . . But I am not prepared to vote for an amendment which says that the

Government should here and now take this action. I see no reason for want of confidence in the Government in this matter." Mr. Lloyd George, who followed, twitted Lord Robert for having "changed his mind," and has called him the "Savonarola of the League." Lord Robert's attitude gave rise to a rumour that sooner or later he may become a member of the Government. This, and a similar rumour regarding Mr. Chamberlain, have been denied, and meanwhile Lord Robert is reported to have arranged a trip to America on business connected with the League of Nations.

The Bicentenary of Sir Christopher Wren: The Great Architect's Amazing Output.



A KEY TO OUR DOUBLE-PAGE DRAWING: A PERSPECTIVE CONSPECTUS OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S CHIEF WORKS, WITH THE VARIOUS BUILDINGS NUMBERED AND NAMED.

On pages 340-341 in this issue we give a large drawing in which the chief architectural works of Sir Christopher Wren are grouped together in a single picture, and above we reproduce a key diagram with the various buildings named in the margin according to their numbers. The total effect is extraordinarily impressive, and it is difficult to believe that one man could have accomplished so much. Even so, the drawing probably does not cover the whole

of Wren's achievement. His first work was the chapel of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and this was followed by the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford. After the Great Fire of London of 1666 he became "Surveyor-General and principal Architect for rebuilding the City, its Cathedral, and its Churches and other Public Structures." He rebuilt some fifty City churches. His design for St. Paul's was approved in 1675 and the top stone was laid in 1710.

FROM THE DRAWING BY C. R. COCKERELL, R.A., ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM RICHARDSON. REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF MRS. F. PEPYS COCKERELL.

Two Centres of Political Disturbance: The Ruhr and the Near East.



LEAVING KRUPP'S WORKS DURING THEIR VISIT TO THE RUHR:
FOUR SCOTTISH LABOUR MEMBERS AT ESSEN.

Four members of the Scottish Labour Party in the House of Commons, Mr. John Wheatley, Mr. James Maxton, Mr. David Kirkwood, and the Rev. Campbell Stephen, recently went on a visit of inspection to the Ruhr district. As mentioned in connection with our illustrations of British unemployment in this number, they found the conditions of workpeople in Germany apparently much better than those existing here. As to the political situation, they reported: "Every thoughtful



RECENTLY ENGAGED IN REVISING A DRAFT REPLY TO THE ALLIES: MUSTAPHA KEMAL
PASHA READING A DECLARATION IN THE ASSEMBLY AT ANGORA.

person recognises the importance of the economic unit formed by combining the ore of Lorraine with the coal of the Ruhr. This is regarded as the key to the whole trouble. While Germany controlled this ore and coal she was a great military Power, and a terror to France. . . . The only way out of the difficulty is for France, Germany, Britain, Belgium, and Italy to internationalise the Ruhr coalfield."—[LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH BY G.P.U.]

THE TREASURE OF TRAPRAIN: SCOTLAND'S "GREAT FIND" OF ROMAN SILVER.

By J. Graham Callander, Director of the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh.

AMONGST the many treasures preserved in the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh is the great hoard of fourth-century silver plate discovered in the fort on Traprain Law, a prominent feature of East Lothian landscape. Rising some 350 feet above the surrounding country, the hill commands a wide view on all sides except to the south, where the vista is blocked by the Lammermuir range. To the north lies the plain of East Lothian stretching away to the Firth of Forth, beyond which appear the shores of Fife, while some twenty miles to the west, Arthur's Seat and Edinburgh can be seen on a clear day.

Previous to the outbreak of hostilities in 1914, the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland had commenced excavations in the fort, but, after working for two summers, they had to suspend operations owing to the war. Encouraged by the rich harvest of relics, chiefly belonging to the first four centuries of this era, and mostly of native manufacture, which had been secured during the previous excavations, the Society recommenced operations in the spring of 1919. About a fortnight after resuming work, in the month of May, the "Treasure of Traprain" was unearthed.

The foundations on the latest level of occupation had been removed, and a commencement had been made to examine that immediately beneath, when the foreman, in loosening the soil with his pick, felt it come in contact with something new to him. On drawing out the tool a silver bowl was found adhering to it. Careful examination of the spot revealed the top of a pit about 2 ft. in diameter, which, later, was found to be about 18 in. to 2 ft. deep, filled with a mass of crushed and broken silver vessels. This evidently had been deposited in haste, as no evidence of any protective covering in the form of sacking or a box could be found. The silver weighed over 770 oz. Troy, and more than one hundred and sixty different vessels and other objects were represented, many of them by very small fragments. Only two pieces were complete and undamaged: a small triangular bowl with a solid beaded rim, and a spoon with a circular bowl and a handle in the shape of a dolphin; occasionally half of a vessel survived, but even then it was folded up and usually crushed or hammered flat, and frequently all that remained of a large dish was a rim-fragment a few inches square. It was plainly evident that the silver consisted of loot, vessels hacked up for distribution amongst robbers, folded up, and crushed together into the smallest bulk to facilitate removal.

Although only two pieces were in perfect condition when discovered, a number of objects were found to be almost complete after undergoing the process of restoration and opening out. These include two covers or lids; a partially gilded flagon (11-16 in. in height), bearing an inscription, with the Chi-Rho monogram between Alpha and Omega, round the base of the neck; another flagon, partially gilded (8 in. in height), showing four scenes from Scripture in repoussé,

the Fall of Man, Moses striking the Rock, the Adoration, and, possibly, the Betrayal, as well as other designs; a fluted dish (12 in. in diameter) with a medallion in the centre showing a Nereid riding on a sea-monster, and with three of its original four swan-shaped bosses or escutcheons, as if it were meant for suspension; a shallow bowl (8½ in. in diameter); half-a-dozen small bowls with broad, flat rims bordered with beads hammered up from beneath; the same number of spoons, two of which bear the sacred monogram in the bowl; and two wine-cups with baluster-shaped stems and bowls gilded in the interior, one wanting the foot. There are also the bowls of three spoons, one with a fish engraved on the inside, another which has been inlaid with niello in a scroll pattern, and

introduced in the figures of Hercules, Pan, Venus, and possibly Amphitrite, and in a scene from the story of Ulysses; and hunting subjects are beautifully carved and chased in relief on several dishes. A number of vessels have been gilded in parts, and others inlaid with niello, while occasionally both methods of decoration have been applied to the same object.

On some of the pieces the art displayed is distinctly Hellenistic, as in the flagon showing Pan, and in the bowl with the head of Hercules in the interior; on others the style is Eastern. While it is quite probable that some of the objects may have been made in Alexandria, or some of the countries bordering on the Eastern Mediterranean, the possibility of their being fashioned in the Western Roman Empire cannot be set aside. As there is not the slightest likelihood that the plate could have been made in Britain, and there is no probability that it could have been in use there, or taken from any part of these islands, from whence did it come, and by whom was it brought to the fort on Traprain Law?

A few of the pieces which bear Christian symbols were probably church plate; a great many were for table use, and a small number are suggestive of the toilet. This seems to indicate that the "treasure" is the spoil of a series of raids in which churches or other ecclesiastical establishments and private houses were alike plundered. In the small group of personal ornaments which display a Teutonic style of art, the resemblance is to the particular style affected by the Goths rather than to any of the Teutonic tribes that invaded Britain. It is believed that these pieces were looted on the Continent and added to other spoil secured probably in Gaul. At the period of the coins found in the Treasure, the beginning of the fifth century, Saxon raiders were harrying not only the shores of Britain, but equally those of Gaul on the other side of the English Channel, and it is not unlikely that these raiders were responsible for bringing together the Treasure. To them, it had no æsthetic or practical value except as so much bullion, and therefore it was hacked up for distribution, and subdivided into smaller pieces ready for the melting-pot. How it came to Traprain is at present a mystery, and gives plenty of scope for the exercise of the imagination. Whether it was secured from some Saxon galley wrecked at the mouth of the Forth, or whether some band of raiders had seized and held this stronghold for some time, one thing is certain: after having been brought to Traprain, a hurried burial of the silver had to be made, and none of the owners returned to recover it.

A complete account of this remarkable find, containing an inventory of all the pieces and fully illustrated, entitled "The Treasure of Traprain," by Mr. Alexander O. Curle, has just been published by Messrs. MacLehose, Jackson and Co., Publishers to the University, Glasgow.



THE LARGEST HOARD OF ANCIENT ROMAN SILVER EVER DISCOVERED IN THE BRITISH ISLES: THE TRAPRAIN TREASURE AS FOUND—EVIDENTLY LOOT HASTILY BURIED.

"One vessel only was complete and undamaged—a small triangular bowl with a rim composed of half beads cast solid. A spoon with a circular bowl, and a handle in the form of a dolphin, had also escaped injury. . . . The total amounted to more than 160 pieces, and weighed over 770 oz. Troy weight." Coins of Valens, Valentinian II. and Honorius (A.D. 395-423) showed the date of deposit to have been in the reign of Honorius, probably early in the fifth century.

the third showing on the under side the continuation of the handle carried almost to the point in the form of the rat-tail seen on spoons made in this country about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Ecclesiastical and domestic table plate, a few personal ornaments, and four small Roman silver coins are included in the treasure. Represented by greater or smaller portions, amongst other objects are 10 flasks or flagons, 5 wine-cups, 50 deep or shallow bowls, 22 flat circular dishes, 6 square dishes, 9 spoons,



WHERE THE TRAPRAIN TREASURE WAS FOUND: TRAPRAIN LAW (THE DISTANT HILL), THE LEGENDARY HOME OF KING LOTH AND THE MOTHER OF ST. MUNGO.

"Legend assigns to the hill the residence of King Loth, the eponymous hero of Lothian, whose daughter Tenew, shortly afterwards to become the mother of St. Kentigern, otherwise known as St. Mungo, was thrown over its cliffs, but was wafted safely to their base by divine intervention." The hill, which belongs to the Earl of Balfour, lies near the Firth of Forth, and some ten miles from North Berwick.

Photographs Reproduced from "The Treasure of Traprain," by Alexander O. Curle, F.S.A., by Courtesy of Messrs. MacLehose, Jackson and Co., Publishers to the University of Glasgow.

2 covers or lids, a wine-strainer, a toilet-box; 2 beautifully modelled handles in the form of a leopard and a panther, a fibula, an ear-ring, 2 buckles, a small hand-mirror, and a set of mountings still adhering to the remains of a leather strap.

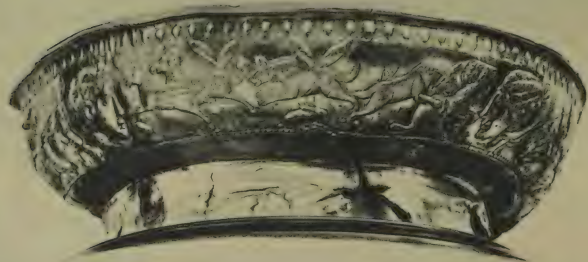
In the decoration of the objects a great variety of motifs have been employed. The most common is the beaded rim; Christian symbolism appears in a number of pieces—in the Alpha and Omega, the sacred monogram, and in incidents from the Old and the New Testaments; pagan gods and mythology are

FOURTH CENTURY ROMAN SILVER FOUND IN SCOTLAND:

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED FROM "THE TREASURE OF TRAPRAIN," BY ALEXANDER O. CURLE, F.S.A. (PRICE £3 3s. NET).

THE TRAPRAIN TREASURE—"LOOT" OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. MACLEHOSE, JACKSON AND CO., PUBLISHERS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.



1. SHOWING HYENAS ATTACKING RAMS AND SHEEP: PART OF A HUNTING SCENE WHICH, AS A WHOLE, INDICATES ALEXANDRIAN ORIGIN—A FRIEZE ON HALF OF A BOWL.



2. GILDED INSIDE: A SMALL SILVER GOBLET OR WINE-CUP 4.12 INCHES HIGH.



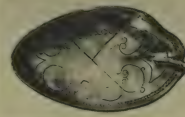
3. ARTISTICALLY THE FINEST PIECE IN THE HOARD: PART OF A FLAGON WITH A FIGURE OF PAN, BELIEVED TO BE SHOWN WOOING SELENE.



4. PROBABLY USED FOR RELIGIOUS PURPOSES WITH THE WINE-STRAINER SHOWN IN NO. 7: A FLAGON 8 INCHES HIGH, WITH BIBLICAL FIGURES.



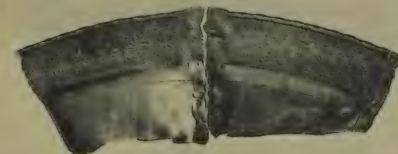
5. WITH BEADED EDGING OF MINOTAU TYPE: A SILVER FOOD-BOWL.



6. WITH BORDER AND SALTIRE INLAID IN NIELLO: A SPOON-BOWL.



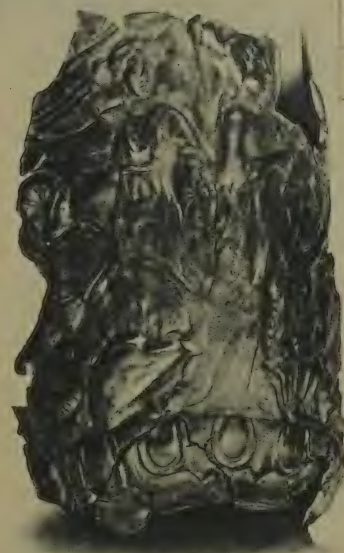
7. FOLDED UP, AS IT WAS FOUND, WITH ONE SIDE TURNED OVER THE OTHER: THE SHELL-SHAPED DISH SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION NO. 11 BELOW.



8. WITH DECORATION RESEMBLING THAT OF A DISH AT ATHENS ASCRIBED TO THE SECOND CENTURY: PART OF THE DIRM OF A PLATTER.



9. PERFORATED WITH "IHSUS CHRISTUS": A WINE-STRAINER.



10. THE RECOGNITION OF ULYSSES, WHOSE FOOT IS SEEN IN A BASIN ON THE LEFT: HOMERIC FIGURES ON A FRAGMENT OF A FLAGON.



11. WITH A NEREID RIDING A PANTHER-HEADED SEA-MONSTER IN THE CENTRAL MEDALLION: A SHELL-SHAPED BOWL 12 INCHES ACROSS SHOWN FOLDED IN NO. 6 ABOVE.

The sensational discovery of the great hoard of fourth-century Roman silver, known as the Treasure of Traprain, on the Earl of Balfour's Lothian estate, is described in an article on the previous page, by Mr. I. Graham Calder, Director of the National Museum of Antiquities at Edinburgh, where the treasure is now housed. The full story of the great "find" is told by Mr. Alexander O. Curle, F.S.A., in his new book, "The Treasure of Traprain," mentioned above and in the article. From the occurrence of Christian symbolism and Biblical names and figures on some of the silver vessels, it is thought that they were probably looted by raiders from some religious house, perhaps on the Continent; but who the raiders were, and why they buried their spoils so hastily on a hill in Scotland, remains a mystery. Of the animals portrayed on the bowl in our illustration No. 1, Mr. Curle writes: "The region which embraces all is North Africa. The inference is that the bowl is of Alexandrian origin. The baluster stem of a goblet similar to one shown in No. 2 is of similar shape to a bone cylinder of Coptic origin in the Museum at Cairo.—The beaded edging on the small bowl (one of a group) in No. 3 resembles the rim of a faience vessel with a border

of cockle-shells, found by Sir Arthur Evans in the Palace of Minos in Crete.—No. 6 shows how the raiders folded up, to save space, the dish in No. 11, with a central medallion showing a Nereid on a sea-monster, similar to one on a silver vase found in Roumania. The dish has bosses at the edge for suspension, and was perhaps hung in a church as a receptacle for holy water.—The perforations in the wine-strainer in No. 7 are legible from the outside. Below the rim is the name "IHSUS CHRISTUS" in Roman capitals (beginning at the lower centre), and in the middle of the strainer is the Chi-Rho monogram.—No. 8 shows the Greek god Pan, pursuing, it is thought, the moon-nymph Selené. (Virgil, Georgics III., 391).—The small flagon in No. 9 shows (on the left) Moses striking the rock and (on the right) Adam taking the apple from Eve.—No. 10 shows (on the left) the old nurse Eurykleia washing the foot of Ulysses, on his return in disguise to his home at Ithaca from his long wanderings after the Trojan War. The figure of his wife, Penelope (not visible in the photograph) is to the right of the other two figures.



"SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS, CIRCUMSPICE": A PERSPECTIVE CONSPECTUS OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN (1632—1723).
WHOSE BICENTENARY HAS JUST BEEN CELEBRATED.—(See Key on Page 336.)

In connection with the Bicentenary of Sir Christopher Wren, which occurred on February 25, we are enabled to publish this very interesting conspectus drawing of his principal works in architecture. A plan of the drawing, with a numbered key to the buildings shown in it, appears on page 336. On another double-page in this issue we illustrate various relics of the great architect, including the tablet over his tomb in St. Paul's, from which the above Latin quotation is borrowed. Old Temple Bar (seen above) is now at Theobald's Park, Waltham, the estate of Sir Hedworth Meux.

FROM A DRAWING BY THE LATE C. R. COCKERELL, R.A., PROFESSOR OF ARCHITECTURE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF LONDON. ETCHED BY WILLIAM RICHARDSON, 1841. REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF MRS. F. PEYS COCKERELL.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST NAME IN ARCHITECTURE:

ILLUSTRATIONS 1, 2, 5, 8, AND 9 BY COURTESY OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS; 3 AND 7 BY



1. SHOWING WREN'S QUARRY MARK—A "Y" AND DIAMOND: A PIECE OF STONE QUARRIED AT PORTLAND FOR ST. PAUL'S, BUT NEVER USED.



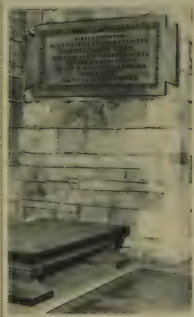
2. ENGRAVED WITH WREN'S NAME AND DATE 1697: HIS BRASS COMPASSES.



3. SUBMITTED TO KING CHARLES II. ON SEPTEMBER 12, 1666, FOUR DAYS AFTER THE GREAT FIRE: WREN'S ORIGINAL PLAN FOR



12, 1666, FOUR DAYS AFTER THE GREAT FIRE: REBUILDING THE CITY OF LONDON.



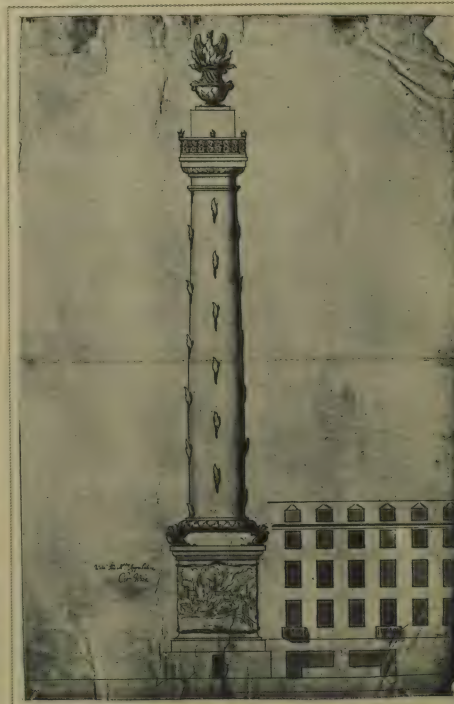
"SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS, CIRCA HIC EST WILHELMUS WREN ARCHITECTUS": WREN'S TOMB, ST. PAUL'S.



5. AN INTIMATE PERSONAL RELIC OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN: HIS FLOWERED WAISTCOAT, PRESERVED IN ST. PAUL'S LIBRARY, AND LENT TO THE R.I.B.A. EXHIBITION.



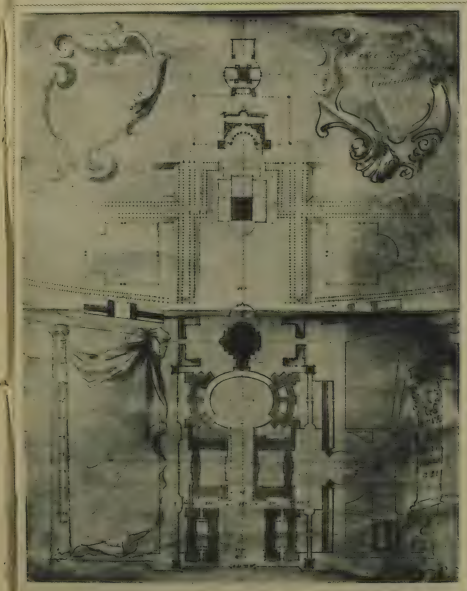
6. WHERE SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN SPENT HIS LATER YEARS: THE GARDEN AND OLD COURT HOUSE AT HAMPTON COURT, PART OF WHICH HE REBUILT.



7. INSCRIBED "WITH HIS MAJESTIES APPROBATION, CHR. WREN": A DESIGN BY HIM FOR THE MONUMENT, WITH FLAMES SYMBOLISING THE GREAT FIRE.



8. A PROFESSIONAL RELIC OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN: HIS SIX-FOOT MEASURING STAFF, PRESERVED IN ST. PAUL'S LIBRARY.



9. BELIEVED TO BE AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN: A GROUND-PLAN OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL, CONSIDERED HIS SECOND FINEST WORK.



10. WHERE SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN DIED (AS RECORDED ON THE WALL) AFTER AN ANNUAL VISIT TO ST. PAUL'S: A ROOM IN THE OLD COURT HOUSE, HAMPTON COURT.

The Bicentenary of the death of Sir Christopher Wren, England's most renowned architect, who was born on October 20, 1632, and died on February 25, 1723, at the age of ninety-one, was celebrated by a special commemorative service in St. Paul's Cathedral, the great building which was the crown of his career. The President of the Royal Institute of British Architects then laid a wreath on his tomb in the crypt. The R.I.B.A. also arranged a Bicentenary Exhibition of Wren relics at their galleries in Conduit Street, to remain open from February 26 to March 3. The Royal Society contributed his pair of brass compasses (shown above) and from St. Paul's Library came his measuring-staff and the flowered waistcoat which he wore. It was the Great Fire of London which gave Wren his chance. "It broke out," writes Sir Aston Webb, "on September 2, 1666, and was extinguished by September 8. Wren submitted his plan for

BICENTENARY RELICS OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

COURTESY OF THE WARDEN OF ALL SOULS' COLLEGE, OXFORD: 4 BY SPORT AND GENERAL; 6 AND 10 BY P. AND A.

rebuilding the City to the King on September 12, who approved it, but it was not carried out. . . . The scheme included two great thoroughfares from Ludgate Hill, one leading to Aldgate, the other to Tower Hill, with St. Paul's placed at the intersection of the two highways. The Royal Exchange was placed on Aldgate Street with a fine approach direct to London Bridge and a broad and handsome quay on the river, on which he proposed to place the City Hall. . . . Towards the end of his life he retired to Hampton Court. . . . Once a year he spent a day at St. Paul's, and on one of these occasions, in his ninety-first year, he caught a chill, and was found by his servant dead in his chair." In our photograph No. 10 the wall inscription (on the right) reads: "In this room died Sir Christopher Wren, on the evening of the 25th day of February, 1723. Aetat. 91."

THE SCARLET FRINGE OF SOVEREIGNTY—AND RUINS THAT WERE HISTORY.

"INCA LAND." By HIRAM BINGHAM.*

THE notion that the archæologist is necessarily a dull dog, a bespectacled Professorial person with the dust of remote ages in his beard, aloof, absent-minded, lank of body and long of words, redolent of that musty blend of breaths and bindings that is the air of Reading Rooms, is one of the Popular Delusions that Time is killing.—Time and such books as Hogarth's "Accidents of an Antiquary's Life," and "Inca Land," the work before us.

Dr. Bingham is properly learned. But you will see amidst his "Director of the Peruvian Expeditions of Yale University and the National Geographic Society, Professor of Latin-American History in Yale University," the significant "Member of the American Alpine Club." There you have the man: he is operative as well as speculative—a pioneer. For years he has heard the call that Kipling knew: "Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

Hence his wanderings, his journeyings into the interior of Peru; his threading of the miz-mazes of the labyrinths of the land of the Incas; his reading and interpretation of the intricate literature that concerns the problems of a people now largely legendary.

The very opening of his book is suggestive. It begins with the story of the climbing of Coropuna, the "cold, snowy height"; an exhausting expedition undertaken to assist the triangulation which was to prove disappointingly that the summit is 21,703 feet above sea-level to Aconcagua's 22,763, although a thousand feet or so higher than the loftiest peak of North America.

The feat was no mean one. At Coropuna "the devil talks more freely than usual," and is not easily placated. Many difficulties had to be overcome; not the least of them the fatiguing mountain sickness which forbade an advance of more than twenty-five steps between each rest. When the Base Camp was reached on the return the party were nearly spent. Dr. Bingham notes: "One of the first things Tucker did on returning was to weigh all the packs. To my surprise and disgust I learned that on the way down Tucker, afraid that some of us would collapse, had carried sixty-one pounds and Gamarra sixty-four, while he had given me only thirty-one pounds, and the same to Coello. This, of course, does not include the weight of our ice-creepers, axes, or rope. . . ."

"The next day all of us felt very tired and drowsy. In fact, I was almost overcome with inertia. It was a fearful task even to lift one's hand. The sun had burned our faces terribly. Our lips were painfully swollen. We coughed and whooped. . . . On the ascent I had been very thirsty, and foolishly had allowed myself to eat a considerable amount of snow. As a result my tongue was now so extremely sensitive that pieces of soda biscuit tasted like broken glass. Corporal Gamarra, who had been unwilling to keep his snow-glasses always in place and sought to relieve his eyes by frequently dispensing with them, now suffered from partial snow-blindness. . . . While we were glad we were the first to reach the top, we all agreed we would never do it again!"

In such spirit were all the adventures undertaken. The next was to, Parinacochas, the mysterious "Flamingo Lake" of the Incas, about which nothing seemed to be known save that it was without outlet and apparently brackish and bottomless! As soon as

it was sighted, the reason for its name was abundantly apparent. The birds about it were in multitudes, but all were outnumbered by the flamingoes, which, in their countless thousands, actually made the waters look salmon-pink. Dr. Bingham investigated thoroughly. He found the lake, as described, without visible outlet, but as for its being bottomless, an elegantly efficient line and lead found a maximum depth of four-and-a-half feet!

So to Lake Titicaca, at an elevation of 12,500 feet, with its rude balsas and with those edible fresh-water fish—one of which belongs to a species found in the



NEAR THE SPRING UNDER THE GREAT WHITE ROCK: TWO OF THE SEVEN SEATS.

Rimac River, near Lima—which led to Dr. Bingham's remark: "It seems to me entirely possible that the Incas, with their scorn of the difficulties of carrying burdens over seemingly impossible trails, might have deliberately transplanted the desirable fresh-water fishes of the Rimac River to Lake Titicaca."

"Polo de Ondegardo, who lived in Cuzco in 1560, says that the Incas used to bring fresh fish from the sea by special runners, and that they have records in their *quipus* of the fish having been brought from Tumbez, a distance of more than three hundred leagues."



THE OPEN PLACE CALLED ÑUSTA ISPPANA: THE "WHITE ROCK OVER A SPRING OF WATER": THE "CLUE" TO THE HOUSE OF THE SUN.

Illustrations Reproduced from "Inca Land," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Constable.

Then to the Vilcanota country and the Peruvian highlanders, owners of many llamas whose inability to bear loads of over eighty or a hundred pounds has so influenced the physique of their masters that, though their arms are poorly developed, their shoulders are broader, their back muscles stronger, and their calves larger and more powerful than those of almost any other race. This, despite the native "druggists," of whom Dr. Bingham says: "There were forty or fifty kinds of simples and curiosities, cure-alls and specifics. Fully half were reported to me as being 'useful against fresh air,' or the evil effects of draughts."

Thus, on to the Valley of the Huatanay, and the remains of "The Territory of the Fleas," or, possibly, "Flea Town," so called no one knows why, and

possibly pre-Inca; and to Cuzco, one of the most ancient cities of South America, and a jumble of the very old and the very new.

Following upon which Dr. Bingham turns to the history of the last four Incas; for the better understanding of his chapters on "Searching for the Last Inca Capital, The Fortress of Uiticos and the House of the Sun, and Vilcabamba—a section of his book which calls for very particular attention, and deserves it.

Therein are told many things; from that great siege of Cuzco which Don Alonzo Enriquez de Guzman dubbed "the most fearful and cruel war in the world"; to the brief figurehead reign and the revolt of Manco, son of Huayna Capac; the flight to Uiticos and Vilcabamba; and the days of Sayri Tupac, Titu Cusi, and Tupac Amaru—an epoch of fighting between the Big Ears, as the Spaniards called the Inca chiefs, from the enlarged lobes extended to hold their great gold ornaments, and that force of fewer than two hundred men with which Pizarro conquered Peru; a period which saw the Scarlet Fringe of Sovereignty bound on an Inca's brow for the last time, and the mock trial and the execution of Tupac Amaru, "the last of the Incas, descendants of the wisest Indian rulers America has ever seen."

This, as we have said, by way of prelude to the search for the site and ruins of Uiticos, the last Inca capital, whose very name and location were lost some three hundred years ago; a quest indeed, with a "white rock over a spring of water" as chief clue and, as chief drawback, the knowledge that "in this country one never can tell whether such a report is worthy of credence. 'He may have been lying,' is a good footnote to affix to all hearsay evidence."

Hope after hope was shattered. Remains sought with much trouble were neither the "Fortress of Pitcos" nor "The House of the Sun," but "The Place where the Inca shoots with a Sling." Other "discoveries" proved not to be Inca. "Fine ruins" reported were found to be mere commonplaces. One site yielded potsherds, Inca whiff-bobs, and bronze shawl-pins, with European horse-shoe nails, a buckle, a pair of scissors, bridle and saddle ornaments, and three jew's-harps!

But at long last was seen what Dr. Bingham believes to be all that is left of the House of the Sun, and he is able to settle to his expert satisfaction the locations of Yurak Rumi, now Ñusta Isppana; the "strongest place" of Cieza, now Rosaspata; and Uiticos, "once the name of the present valley of Vilcabamba between Tincocacha and Lucma. This is the 'Viticos' of Cieza de Leon, a contemporary of Manco, who says that it was to the province of Viticos that Manco determined to retire when he rebelled against Pizarro, and that, having reached Viticos with a great quantity of treasure collected from various parts, together with his women and retinue, the king, Manco Inca, established himself in the strongest

place he could find, whence he sallied forth many times in many directions, and disturbed those parts which were quiet, to do what harm he could to the Spaniards, whom he considered as cruel enemies."

Thence, Dr. Bingham turns to Conservidayoc; to the "Pampa of Ghosts" and ruins so hidden in the density of the jungle that "the savages themselves had often been within five feet of these fine walls without being aware of their existence"; and to Tampu-Tocco, which some hold to have been a mythical place imagined by the Incas to account for their origin, but which our author, strengthened by the evidence of "three windows," claims is represented by the remains at Machu Picchu.

Altogether a most fascinating history of archæological adventuring.

E. H. G.

* "Inca Land: Explorations in the Highlands of Peru." By Hiram Bingham, Director of the Peruvian Expeditions of Yale University and the National Geographic Society, Member of the American Alpine Club, Professor of Latin-American History in Yale University, Author of "Across South America," etc. Illustrated. (Constable and Co.; 24s. net.)

BRITAIN'S "DEVASTATED AREA": UNEMPLOYED MEN; HUNGRY CHILDREN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



"UNEMPLOYMENT" SIDE-LIGHTS: (1) PAYING-OFF HANDS; (2) A SCHOOL CLINIC; (3) GETTING GROCERIES ON GUARDIANS' TICKETS; (4) SCHOOL-CHILDREN TAKING MILK PRESCRIBED AT THE CLINIC; (5) AN OUT-OF-WORK FATHER "WASHES" WHILE HIS WIFE "CHARS."

Although the German onslaught of 1914-18 spread no "devastated areas" in this country as in France and Belgium (England had only the comparative "fleabite" of the air-raids), we still suffer from the social and moral "devastation" of unemployment, due to the trade depression and dislocation which is the evil legacy of Prussian militarism. This unemployment is bound to continue until the Great Powers arrive at some general economic settlement that will stimulate industry and international trade. Meanwhile, as mentioned on the

succeeding pages, efforts are being made to find a remedy and alleviate hardship. Much is being done for the children through various movements, official and unofficial, some of which are illustrated above. The school clinics, through which all children in Council Schools must pass two or three times during the school career, give treatment to all those requiring it, recovering, where possible, a certain amount of the cost from the parents. Cheap dinners can also be obtained at the schools.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

BRITAIN'S "DEVASTATED AREA": UNEMPLOYMENT—THE "EXCEEDING BITTER CRY" OF OVER A MILLION MEN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



WITH A WIFE AND SEVEN CHILDREN FACING ANOTHER WEEK-END OF DOING WITHOUT:

Official statistics from the registers of Employment Exchanges in Great Britain recently gave the number of persons wholly unemployed as 1,343,600. This total included 1,070,200 men, 203,600 women, 49,100 boys, and 40,900 girls. Such figures are sufficiently impressive in themselves, but it needs the artist's pencil to kindle imagination and make us realise the sum of misery and despair which they represent. The above drawing is typical of the hardship and privation that exists in thousands of homes to-day. This deplorable state of affairs throughout the country is surveyed in a new book published by a group of prominent economists and reformers under the title of "The Third Winter of Unemployment." Their conclusion as to public action is that "the decisive consideration in choosing work to be aided, or deciding on methods of administration, should be the stimulus given thereby to ordinary commercial activity."

"THE RETURN"—A FATHER HOME ON FRIDAY AFTER A HOPELESS SEARCH FOR WORK.

It may be mentioned that the particular case of disabled ex-Service men unemployed, of whom there are still some 75,000, is being vigorously dealt with by the organisation known as the King's Roll, with a system of local committees, as recently adopted by the Government. While the working men of this country are enduring such hardship, those of Germany—the original cause of the trouble—are described as comparatively prosperous. The Scottish Labour Members who recently visited the Ruhr district reported: "We saw no queues of unemployed men at employment exchanges; nor did raggedness and outward signs of poverty obtrude themselves on our notice. Snow covered the ground, and comfortably clothed children could be seen everywhere sledging, snowballing, and building snow men. . . . There appeared to be a higher standard of comfort."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

EXPERIMENTAL AMPHIBIANS.

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

TOWARDS the end of the Old Red Sandstone age there emerged the race of amphibians, represented to-day by frogs and toads, newts and salamanders. Judging this race by their modern representatives and their somewhat slow-going ways, we are apt to do an injustice. For there must have been considerable adventurousness and inventiveness in the original Amphibian temperament; they made so many new steps of great importance. They were *experimental*.

Out of the Water.

Derived from a fish-stock, such as is indicated by the ancient mudfishes, which have turned their swim-bladder into a lung and are able to breathe dry air for half the year, the Amphibians made the great step of leaving the water and getting on to dry land. Many backboneless animals had achieved this hazardous but always promiseful transition, but Amphibians were the first land-vertebrates. And it must be remembered that only a few of them, like some tree-toads and the black salamander above the snow-line on the Alps, have emancipated themselves from the water. In all ordinary Amphibians, the youthful stages, like the familiar tadpoles, must be cradled in the water. It is, indeed, a general rule that animals tend to go back to the old headquarters when they are about to start a new generation: the turtles come to the sandy beach from the open sea, and the robber-crabs come from their inland haunts to lay their eggs in the shore waters. For Amphibians this holds particularly true, and the juvenile stages are for a time very fish-like in their mode of respiration by gills, in their two-chambered heart, and in some other features. During the first three months of its life, the frog climbs up its own genealogical tree. One is not forgetting, of course, that some Amphibians, like newts and axolotls, are much less terrestrial than others; but all normal forms have lungs and are able to breathe dry air. If the shores of the American lake are uninviting, the axolotl may remain all its life in the water, and retain its feathery gills—in this respect like a child that remains somewhat infantile—but if the shores are attractive, the creature gets on to the land, loses its gills, and changes its form not a little. But the large fact is, that among backboneed animals, the adventurous colonisation of the dry land is to the credit of Amphibians.

Fingers and Toes.

Another great step was the acquisition of fingers and toes, for fishes have no more than *non-digite* limbs. This gaining of digits meant to the pioneer Amphibian some power of grasping, primarily perhaps his mate; some power of tucking food into the mouth, of appreciating things in three dimensions, and of holding on to a support. We get a glimpse of the days of small things when we look at the weak limbs of most newts, hardly lifting the body, laboriously levering the creature along the mud or paddling gently in the water. For the important swimming organ is, as in fishes, the tail, or, more accurately, the muscular posterior region of the body. Cases are known where the amphibian hand is used in digging!

A Mobile Tongue.

We do not know much in regard to the tongue in extinct Amphibians, but another of the gains of the stock was a mobile tongue. No fish can move its tongue as such, for it is a non-muscular mass of connective tissue covered by mucous membrane, and cannot be moved except along with the floor of the mouth. But the frog moves its tongue to good purpose, shooting it out on the unsuspecting insect. It is fixed to the very front of the lower jaw, and is loose behind—the very opposite of ours—so that when it is shot out downside up, it reaches to a considerable length. Now it is interesting to notice that the young tadpole cannot move its tongue. It has muscle-fibres

in it, but they have to develop for a while before they are strong enough to move the member to which they belong.

The First Vertebrate Voice.

No one can say very much in regard to the conversational powers of Neanderthal man, or the speech of Pithecanthropus the erect. Still less can one tell what vocal powers were possessed by the pioneer Amphibians, which had their Golden Age in the Carboniferous times, when most of the coal-measures were laid down. What we know is that the Amphibians are the lowest vertebrate animals to have a true voice. As in ourselves, sounds are produced by the serenading male frogs by the rapid passage of out-breathed air over the vocal chords stretched taut in the larynx. The first significance of the voice was a sex-call, and so it remains in the Amphibians. How it has broadened out to be a maternal call, a filial cry, a kin signal, a warning of danger, and a medium for conveying tidings, is another and a very interesting story. The carrying power of the voice, estimated at three-quarters of a mile for the bullfrogs (of North America), is often increased by the development of a pair of resonating sacs, which sometimes protrude like soap-bubbles from the mouth. They are thin expansions of a

Experiments with the Young.

The typical method of dealing with the eggs is seen in our frogs and toads. The spawn floats in the water, protected by white of egg, forming buoyant masses of gelatinous spheres in the frog, and long glairy strings in the case of the toad. But in the Cæcilians the eggs are laid in damp earth, and the gills appear very early, even within the egg-envelope. In the Ceylonese Cæcilian (*Ichthyophis*) the adult lives in an earthworm-like fashion, and drowns if put into water. It lays a small number of eggs in damp earth, often near a pool, and coils round about them, secreting slime from its skin which keeps them moist, and also, perhaps, nourishes them. When the larvæ are hatched out they make for the nearest stream, thus returning for a while to the ancestral medium.

Marsupial Amphibians.

If the Cæcilian blindworm coiled round its bunch of eggs points the way to the brooding python; there are other Amphibians that anticipate the Marsupials in having a pouch for the eggs and young. Thus in the female *Nototrema* a dorsal fold of skin forms a capacious backward-opening brood-sac in which the eggs develop. The larvæ may have long respiratory threads continued out from the gills, and in *Nototrema oviparum* each tadpole has a pair of beautiful balloon-like bladders projecting from the breathing aperture and supplied with an afferent and an efferent blood-vessel, carrying respectively impure and pure blood. This is one of the most extraordinary of respiratory arrangements. In the species we last mentioned the tadpoles change into little frogs within their mother's pocket; in other *Nototremas* the tadpoles escape into the water.

The Surinam Toad.

The experiment made by the Surinam toad is extraordinary. At the breeding season the skin of the back in the female becomes honey-combed with small pits with a rich blood supply. As the female lays the eggs the attendant male presses them over her back and fertilises them. They sink into the skin-cradles, which are closed with a firm coverlet. Development proceeds, and by and by the mother's back is covered with a crowd of little toads, which burst off the coverlet, squirm half-out, and look round. The

little creatures leave their mother as fully formed tail-less toads and do not enter the water. It is probable that the tail acts as an accessory breathing structure as long as it lasts.

How different is the experiment of the Nurse Toad (*Alytes obstetricans*), where the male takes possession of the eggs just as they are laid, and twines the string of them round the lower part of his hind-legs, shackling himself with his offspring! He keeps in damp places, and has an occasional bath. On one of these visits to the water the tadpoles burst out of the egg-envelopes and he is relieved of his living burden.

Care of the Young among Amphibians.

We cannot understand this great variety of devices for securing the safe development of the young unless we keep in mind the great difficulties in the way of betwixt-and-between animals such as Amphibians are. One of them makes a leaf-nest, another a burrow in a moist bank; a mother may carry the eggs and young in a pocket, a father may shelter them in an enlarged resonating sac. We cannot suppose that individual Amphibians have reflectively deliberated on the problems they have to face, for we think that Nature's way of working is more indirect. Variations in behaviour are always arising just like variations in structure, welling up from the fountain of changefulness in the germ-cells. To change the metaphor, an organism often finds itself with a new "hand" of hereditary cards; it is for the organism to utilise this "hand" with all the mental ability it possesses, testing everything and holding fast that which is good.



DESCENDANTS OF THE FIRST LAND-VERTEBRATES WHO MADE THE GREAT STEP OF LEAVING THE WATER FOR DRY LAND, AND DEVELOPED FINGERS AND TOES: ADVENTUROUS AMPHIBIANS; AND A MUDFISH—THE LINK WITH THEIR PISCINE ANCESTRY.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson to Illustrate Professor Thomson's Article on this Page.

special muscle of the throat region, and are inflated when the frog is croaking. In many cases they do not project externally. In the common tree-frog they unite to form a median pocket which can be inflated so as to equal in size the whole of the rest of the body. We get a glimpse of the experimental constitution when we notice that in Darwin's frog (*Rhinoderma darwini*), the resonating sacs are used by the male for sheltering the eggs and larvæ. And, again, there are cases (*Paludicola* and *Breviceps*) where the sudden inflation of the resonating sacs is believed to have a "terrifying" effect on enemies. The armourless and weaponless Amphibians need all the help they can give themselves.

Many Habitats.

Colonising the dry land was an adventure that opened up the possibility of a life on a higher turn of the ascending spiral, but it implied living dangerously. Thus it is not surprising to find arboreal Amphibians like the attractive tree-toads; burrowing Amphibians such as the earthworm-like Cæcilians, which have discovered the possibilities of the under-world; a secondary return to the water on the part of some other Cæcilians; a swooping habit on the part of the Java frog (*Rhacophorus*), where the exaggeration of the web forms an effective parachute, enabling the creature to descend obliquely from a considerable height. These and other departures from the average aquatic-and-terrestrial (i.e., amphibious) ways indicate the plasticity of creatures to whose inventions, if necessity was the mother, a certain experimental adventurousness was the father!

BRITAIN'S "DEVASTATED AREA": DISTRESS AMONG "BLACK COATS."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



WHERE PRIDE PREVENTS COMPLAINT, AND "KEEPING UP AN APPEARANCE" MAKES THINGS HARDER:
BREAKFAST IN A CLERK'S HOME BEFORE HE SETS OUT TO SEEK EMPLOYMENT.

It is not only the artisan or the labourer, generally referred to as "the working man," who suffers from the hardships of unemployment. It causes equal, perhaps more, distress in the homes of brain-workers—clerks and so on—who have come to be known by the name of the Black Coats. Little by little the "household gods" have to be sold or pawned to provide the bare necessities of life; there are hundreds of cases where pride keeps the sufferers silent. They will not ask for help because they have always "paid their way," and

cannot face indebtedness. In the book mentioned on a previous page, "The Third Winter of Unemployment," it is pointed out that the chief incidence of distress is no longer, as in pre-war times, on the poorest class, but on the more skilled and responsible worker. Again, of men who served as officers in the war, some 10,000 are out of work. The "Black Coats" have a "trade union" called the National Federation of Professional, Technical, Administrative, and Supervisory Workers.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



THE WORLD OF WOMEN



THE QUEEN is, I hear from several sources, greatly delighted with her first grandchild, and is, of course, pleased that it is a boy. Her Majesty was an only daughter with three brothers; Princess Mary is an only daughter with four brothers; and there is nothing like brothers for making women like men children. The Queen was devoted to her brothers, as they were to her, in their care-free days, and the same is true of Princess Mary and the Princes. Brothers always think a great deal of an only sister, and she has a study of several characters of boys and men. From the pictures of the baby *par excellence*, he is like his great-grandmother, the late Princess Mary Adelaide. Queen Alexandra has now two great-grandsons, the Earl of Macduff and the future Earl of Harewood, to which position his succession is likely to be long deferred.

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles have a splendid little son, to judge by his picture. That of his proudest of nurses was really a camera triumph of catching expression. The christening, however quietly and simply the arrangements for it may be, will arouse great interest. Seldom has the public shown such enthusiasm as for this baby. Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles are great favourites, and their son is already elected to a high place in the affections of the people. Princess Mary has got on well, and has been greatly pleased and touched by the general evidence of affection for her. The King and the Queen have been each day to see her, and Queen Alexandra has held her great-grandson in her arms.

Lots of statements are being made about arrangements for the wedding of the Duke of York with Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. One is to the effect that it is to be on the lines of that of Captain the Hon. and Lady Patricia Ramsay, and that no extra seats will be



Nut brown tweed, checked with purple and yellow, has been employed by Kenneth Durward's for this well-cut suit.

erected in the Abbey, in order to save money. I imagine that the precedent of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles' wedding will be followed, because the erection of seating accommodation is a small matter in comparison with the good to the trade of London accruing through the occupants of those seats coming here, staying here, and buying here. I am, of course, snubbed, and told that everybody should stay at home and economise, and nobody spend any money except on necessities. I cannot see how that helps, but finance has always floored me!

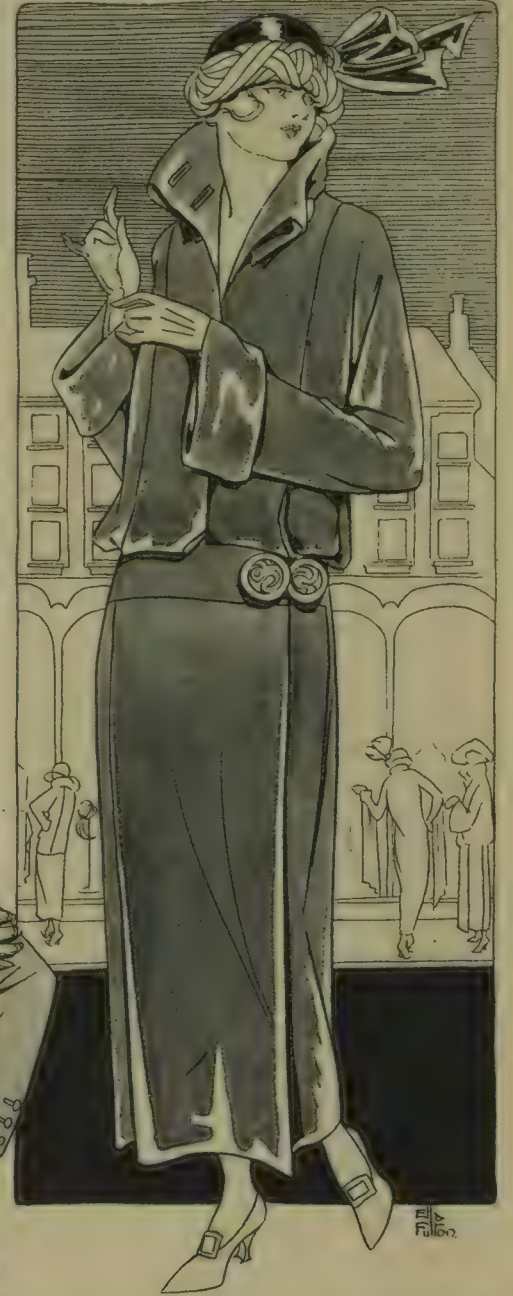
I think, when one gets to know orchids intimately, one loves them very much. Until lately I had only an admiring acquaintance with them, wondering at their strange, exotic beauties as I saw them at shows. Recently I had the luck to go round the Gatton orchid-houses with their proprietor, Sir Jeremiah Colman, and to have explained to me quite untechnically, so that it could reach my lay mind, some of the fascination of the scientific culture of these rare plants. They have discriminating tastes, and each rare specimen has its own special minute insects on which it lives, and if it cannot get that infinitesimal organisation it just gives up its little beautiful ghost and dies. The loveliness of the blooms attained by hybridisation, and the interest attaching to them, are just little bits out of the absorbing fascination known to the real orchid-loving collector and grower such as Sir Jeremiah, whose Gatton-raised orchids are so wonderful.

Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone are due or have arrived at Monterey, Cannes, as the guests of Margaret Lady Waterlow. Princess Alice has not yet recovered from the shock and sorrow of her mother's unexpected death. Margaret Lady Waterlow is the widow of Sir Sydney Waterlow, who was Governor of the Irish Society and was Lord Mayor of London. She was his second wife, and is stepmother to the present Baronet. She is Californian by birth, and has always been a friend of the late Duchess of Albany, and a very benevolent lady who does a great deal for good causes in this country and in France. The wife of Sir Philip Waterlow, the present Baronet, has been ill, but is better now, and is going South in search of sunshine.

Captain the Hon. Alexander Ramsay will appear to Lady Patricia in a new rôle as Captain of a big warship. She has joined him at Gib., and will stay there—ashore, of course—for a couple or three weeks. Naval officers and ratings call their Captain "the owner," however young and smart he may be, so Lady Patricia and the owner will be as hostess and host at the pleasantest kind of entertainments—those on board battle-ships. Later, Lady Patricia will join her father, the Duke of Connaught, at his villa at Cap Ferrat, and will return with his Royal Highness to London in good time for the Duke of York's wedding. Master Alexander Ramsay, a fine-looking laddie, seems a little lonely, and wanting in the companionship of other children of his age to play with. He is a grave-looking little boy, and very handsome.

An assault at arms for a charity attracted a goodly number of ladies to the Hotel Cecil. It was a display of fencing in aid of Earl Haig's fund for the British Legion. The Duke and Duchess of Somerset were accompanied by Lady Ermynde Malet, and the Duke of Argyll by his handsome sister, Lady Elspeth Campbell. Some years ago there was a craze among girls to learn fencing. It was considered to be the very best way of keeping the female form divine. The art is a very graceful one, and the practice of it entails lightness on the feet, perfect poise of body, good arm and

body play, and quickness of eye. Now lawn tennis is preferred as a means of keeping fit and in good condition. It is a good means,



Mole-grey velours makes this fashionable coat with Russian panel bodice and wrap-over skirt, for which Kenneth Durward's are responsible. (See page 352.)

but its devotees are not so graceful as are those of fencing.

Lady Ursula Grosvenor, elder of the Duke of Westminster's two daughters, who came of age last week, is a first-rate sports-woman, and her favourite sports are hunting and racing. She is a tall and fair, blue-eyed and handsome girl whom everyone likes who knows her. She inherits from her father that camaraderie and good-humour that make him so greatly liked and called by his intimates "Bend Or." From both parents she inherits her love of sport, and from both parents a rare kindness of nature. Once I saw her maternal grandmother, Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick, and a more delightful picture of an aristocratic old lady than she looked could not be imagined.

The Eaton Hall tenantry made a presentation to Lady Ursula about which there was a spontaneity and enthusiasm showing that it was the expression of real love for her.—A. E. L.



An admirably tailored beige suit for town wear, which hails from Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street.

The John Haig Clubland Series No. 19.

The Rota Club.

THE Rota Club or Coffee Club as Pepys calls it was one, if not the first, of our political Clubs. Founded in 1659, it was a kind of debating society for the propagation of Republican opinions. It had its headquarters in New Palace Yard "at one Miles's, the next house to the Stares, where was made purposely a large ovall table, with a passage in the middle." "Round the table," says Aubrey, "in a room every evening as full as it could be crammed, sat Milton and Marvell, Cyriac Skinner, Harrington, Nevill, and their friends discussing abstract political questions."

The Club derived its name from a plan which it was its aim to promote for changing members of Parliament annually by Rotation, and it is interesting to note that it marks apparently the first use of the word Club. To quote Aubrey once again, "We now use the word Clubbe for a sodality in a tavern."

But if the members of that "sodality in a tavern" wished to change their M.P.'s by rotation we may be quite certain that they, no more than their more enlightened and more luxurious counterparts of to-day, would never have consented to such an indiscriminate choice of their Whisky. Even then, nearly three centuries ago, John Haig the *original* Haig Whisky, had established itself a firm and lasting favourite in every circle of taste and of discrimination.



By Appointment.

Dye Ken
John
THE ORIGINAL
Haig?

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, & 79, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.3.

Fashions and Fancies.

The Alhambra Display.

The stage and fashion have always worked side by side, for it is very frequently across the foot-lights that the latest ideas in dress are first expressed; but a dress parade as a special feature of a variety entertainment is a novel and delightful idea. In "1923 Fashions," at the Alhambra, a number of the leading artists in dress were represented, so that the display afforded many women a welcome opportunity for gleaning some idea of the season's modes. No phase of dress was neglected, and particularly charming among the sports clothes was the workmanlike motor-cycling kit. A characteristic of many of the dresses was the pleated, fan-shaped side-panel inserted in a long, tight-fitting skirt. This occurred in a wonderful evening gown, which sparkled with every movement, and consisted of a sheath of silver sequins on a black foundation. On the right-hand side the skirt was slit to the waist in the form of an inverted "V," showing folds of the black underskirt, which was embroidered with jet. "Egyptian" fashions were much in evidence, and included a dress of silver lace with tight swathed hip draperies. A narrow band, which ran down one arm in the form of a sling sleeve, was carried from the wrist to the waist, and from there extended to the hem of the skirt.

Roses as Decoration.

The skirt of a striking gown of turquoise-blue was caught up on each side with a bunch of roses, to reveal an underskirt of silver; and one Victorian dress of peach-coloured taffetas and gold-lace was supported by a double shoulder-strap of pink rosebuds—one strand slung over the shoulders themselves, and the other over the upper arm.

Perfect Tailoring.

Kenneth Durward's, of Ulster House, Conduit Street, can always be relied on to be abreast of the times, and generally a little in advance, so that it is not surprising to learn that their new spring models are already completed. Three of them are sketched on page 350, and are carried out in the excellent materials for which the firm is particularly noted. Fine brown tweed, showing an attractive purple and pale yellow check, makes the well-tailored walking suit on the left, in which the coat is the most



A knitted silk suit, with a broché wool pattern, which stands to the credit of Jay's, Regent Street.

noticeable feature, as it is cut straight and without seams. The beige suit in the centre is designed for town-wear, and shows the short coat which is to be the rule this season. Mole velours is used for the fashionable long coat in the right-hand top corner, which has the Russian blouse panel at the front of the bodice, as well as at the back. Excellent tailor-made suits may be obtained, ready to wear, from 8 guineas, while 10 guineas is the price if they are to be made to order.

Pearls and Their Wearers.

The fortunate possessor of a necklet of Ciro Pearls is surely in luck's way just now, for, besides owning these lovely gems, she has a chance of winning the competition organised by Ciro Pearls, Ltd., who offer £100 for the most beautiful photograph of a wearer of their wonderful pearls. Miss Gladys Cooper and Miss Phyllis Dare are to be among the judges, who also include Mr. Nelson Keys and Mr. Charles Sisley. Besides the first prize, £200 will be distributed in smaller awards, and the last date for entries will be May 1. Particulars can be obtained from Ciro Pearls, Ltd., 39, Old Bond Street.

Silk and Wool Wear.

As spring advances, woollen suits are giving place in many cases to a mixture of silk and wool. The charming suit from Jay's, Regent Street, illustrated on this page, is almost entirely of silk, with a broché pattern in wool on the coat. The cuffs, in particular, are worthy of attention, as they are of a wide, novel shape, ending in narrow bands of silk. The skirt is simple, and consists of silk only, while the price of the suit, which may be had in a variety of colours, is 12½ guineas; 9 guineas is the sum required for a delightful woven suit of plain knitting with ribbed collar, revers and cuffs, and two V-shaped panels of ribbing let into the sides of the coat. Long ribbed panels appear, too, on the skirt. In the salons set apart for woven wear will be found any number of beautiful silk jumpers in plain and fancy knitting from 4 guineas each, and there are also those indispensable lace alpaca cardigans which slip unobtrusively under a coat, and give splendid protection against cold. They may be had in every imaginable shade for 3½ guineas, and jumpers of the same persuasion, which are ideal for sports wear, cost 3 guineas each. E. A. R.



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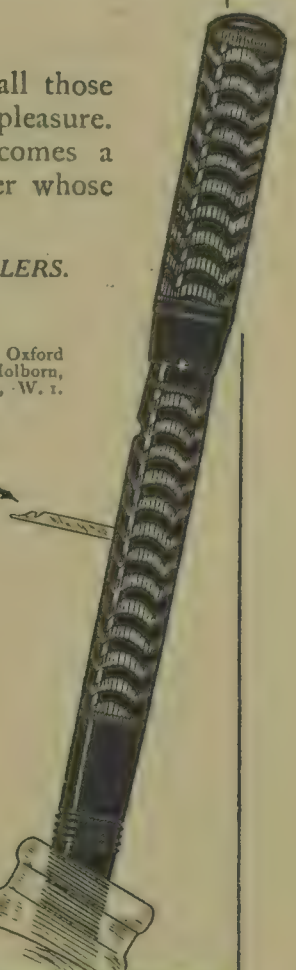
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

BUSONI AS CRITIC.

BUSONI'S long illness has been a cause of grave anxiety and regret to his friends and admirers, and it is good news to hear that he is now convalescent. He hopes to be able to come to London later in the spring.

In the meantime, he has come before the public as an author. His miscellaneous collected writings on music have just been published in a single volume under the title of "The Unity of Music" ("Von der Einheit der Musik," Max Hesses Verlag, Berlin). These papers are of very varied length and character. The earliest dates back as far as 1887, and was written on the occasion of the centenary of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." There is another paper on "Don Giovanni," written at Zurich in 1917. Mozart, indeed, is the thread on which most of the papers are strung; at any rate, there is hardly one which does not mention his name. Writing for German readers, Busoni often attacks the traditional German point of view about Mozart and his operas; he never forgets that he himself is an Italian, and his attitude towards music, in spite of all the sympathy which he feels for German music, is always that of a Latin. There is no living composer who exhibits so continuously those Italian qualities, grandeur, clarity, and serenity; and in his critical utterances, Busoni is no less clear and serene than in his music. He has been very bitterly attacked by German critics of nationalist tendencies for his style of playing, for his compositions, and for his choice of other men's compositions at the concerts which he has conducted. To an Englishman he seems unduly sensitive to Press criticism: that comes of living in Berlin, where both the musical critics and their readers attach an importance to musical criticism which we over here, critics included, should consider rather laughable. It is interesting to read Busoni's replies, which are printed in this book. They have no note of bitterness. Irony is always a favourite weapon of his—he would be no

Italian if it were not—but he invariably writes with a dignity of outlook that makes his adversaries appear very petty and trivial-minded.

He has a surprising power of suggesting a scene in a few words. Here is a little sketch of a concert of Schönberg's music, written in 1911; it is so short that I venture to translate the whole of it here—

"Is sentimentalism to be born anew? After hearing, playing, and rehearsing Arnold Schönberg's pianoforte pieces and songs it would almost seem so. Suppressed tears, sighs and moans, gusts of wind

programme, three pieces for eight hands on two pianofortes. At the keyboards sit four youths with fine, individual heads: it is almost touching to see with what devotion, and capability too, they place their young intelligences at the service of an as yet unsolved riddle. At the back of the little platform two restless eyes glitter, a bâton waves in nervous jerks—one can just see the head and the hand of Schönberg prompting his four brave friends and inspiring them more and more with his own fever. A strange picture, accompanied by strange sounds, and exercising a strange fascination. Certainly a very different thing from a Sonata Recital by two Royal Academy Professors!"

Busoni is a man advanced in years, but he has never allowed himself to become crusty. His heart is with all new movements in music. He is critical of them, for he is a man of great learning, as many of these papers show. But he is always kind to the young, however ironic his smile may be. It is pedantry and

(Continued overleaf.)

PRINCESS MARY'S WEDDING.


MANY of our readers will doubtless be interested in the very beautiful picture (here reproduced) of the marriage of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, painted for his Majesty the King by Mr. Frank O. Salisbury. Reproductions of the painting in photogravure are published by Messrs. William Doig and Co. at the following prices per copy: Artist's proofs, (18 in. by 12 in., limited to 500 copies), ten guineas; second proofs (18 in. by 12 in.), five guineas; India prints (16 in. by 9½ in.), two guineas; plain prints (16 in. by 9½ in.), one guinea; grand popular issue of prints in a smaller size, half a guinea. If any of our readers would like to purchase copies on these terms, we shall be glad if they will kindly send their orders and remittances to us, addressed "Wedding Picture," *The Illustrated London News*, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. We shall then be pleased to arrange for the copies required to be forwarded.



THE MARRIAGE WHICH HAS GIVEN THE KING AND QUEEN THEIR FIRST GRANDCHILD: THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS MARY AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON FEBRUARY 28, 1922—MR. FRANK O. SALISBURY'S BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF THE HISTORIC SCENE PAINTED BY COMMAND OF HIS MAJESTY.—[Copyright Reserved by Messrs. William Doig and Co.]

through mournful trees, the rustle of autumn leaves—here and there a brief resistance or the glint of a fast-vanishing winter sun. Here and there a few Eulenspiegel tricks. Solitary voices creep, recitative-like, through unimagined intervals—we can scarcely feel them to be coherent. Audacious harmonies, blunted by their very persistence—short movements—frequent pauses, as it were to listen and take breath—a naïveté that is almost barbaric. And at the same time such freedom from restraint, such clearness of vision, such honesty of purpose. At the end of the

through mournful trees, the rustle of autumn leaves—here and there a brief resistance or the glint of a fast-vanishing winter sun. Here and there a few Eulenspiegel tricks. Solitary voices creep, recitative-like, through unimagined intervals—we can scarcely feel them to be coherent. Audacious harmonies, blunted by their very persistence—short movements—frequent pauses, as it were to listen and take breath—a naïveté that is almost barbaric. And at the same time such freedom from restraint, such clearness of vision, such honesty of purpose. At the end of the



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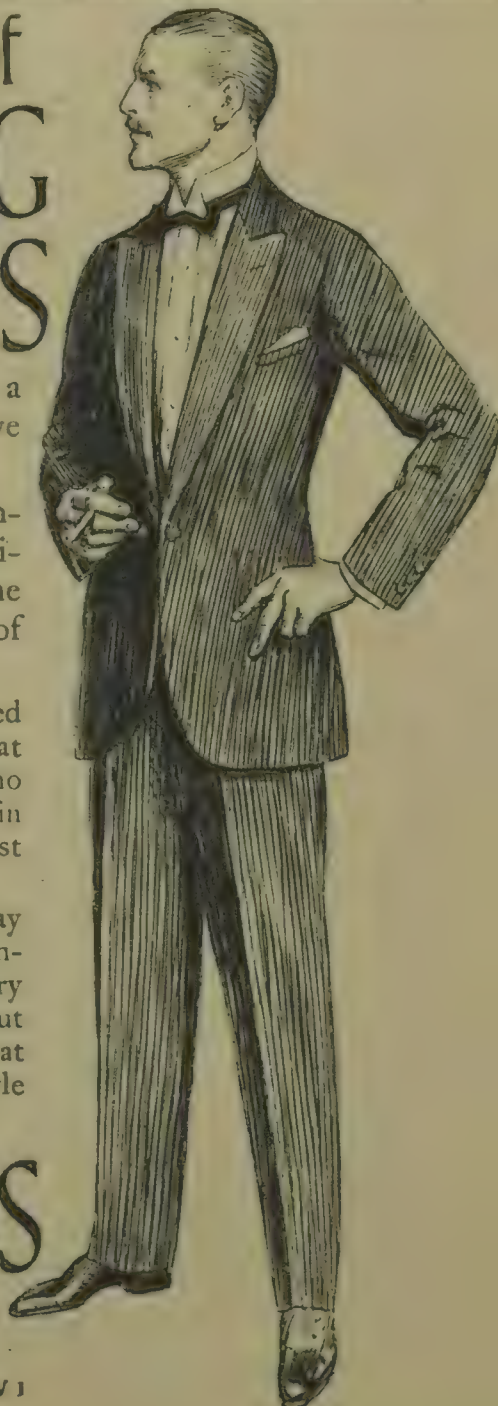
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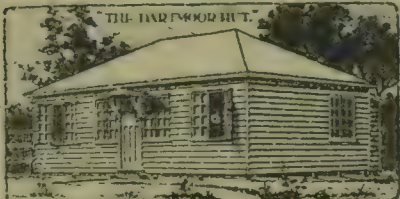
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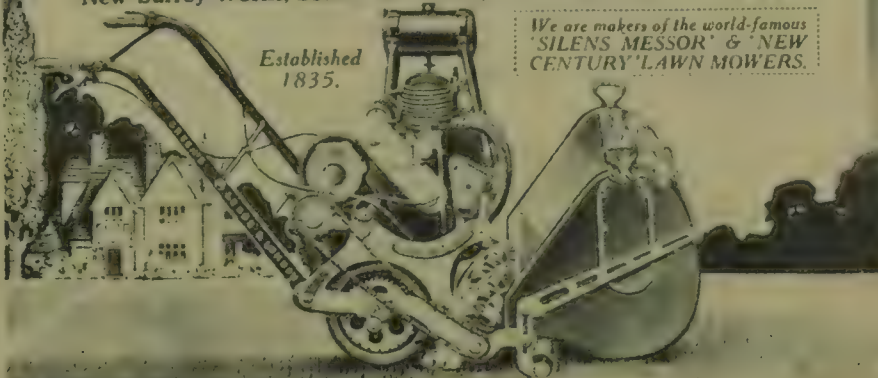
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HARPIC

(Continued.)
 academicism of the old-fashioned Leipzig type with which he has no patience. He is not ashamed to change his opinions. Should one think better of a man because at fifty-five he holds exactly the same views as he did thirty years before? He is, perhaps, the greatest interpreter of Beethoven that has ever lived; but he is fully aware of the modern reaction against Beethoven, and has no hesitation in analysing what the younger generation feel to be Beethoven's weaknesses. But he realises to the full—as he shows in his essay "What has Beethoven given us?"—Beethoven's sincerity. Sincerity is the quality peculiar to Beethoven. Bach's harmony is richer and bolder; Mozart's treatment of the orchestra shows a juster sense of balance; Haydn's handling of the string quartet is more lucid and more transparent. But Beethoven compels both soloists and orchestra to severer enterprise; he demands a higher standard of endurance and of understanding. This has had its drawbacks. Composers of later times—Brahms, Bruckner, Mahler—have been tempted by his example each to write his own "ninth symphony." But, as Busoni once said himself, "The best way to follow a great example is to turn away from it"—meaning thereby that the greatness of the example lies in the fact that it creates a new type, and if the type is repeated the idea of the example is destroyed. Haydn could write a symphony as easily as he could write a minuet for the pianoforte. After Beethoven, everything had to be on a monumental scale. That very "joy" that Beethoven hymned in his Ninth Symphony disappeared for ever after him; audiences greet a new work not with the smile of pleasant expectation, but with closed eyes and hopeless seriousness. A work which is short and cheerful is regarded as second-rate, however masterly, however beautiful it may be. Herein lies the virtue, and at the same time the danger, of Beethoven's example.—EDWARD J. DENT.

The institution by large business firms of crèches on their premises for babies of their married women employees is a step in the right direction—that of promoting cordial relations between employees and employers, and of conserving the health of children. The kiddies are placed in charge of a skilled nurse (writes "A.E.L.") on the mother's arrival for work. She is allowed to come half an hour later and leave half an hour earlier than unmarried women, and with her dinner in the middle of the day gets a ration of milk. I am told by a lady who knows one of these crèches that the babies are as happy as they ought to be, and the mothers happy about them. It is always an addition to a day's work for a young mother to take her baby to and fetch it from a crèche, and an addition which she can hardly bear. Leaving little babies with neighbours is never a good plan.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

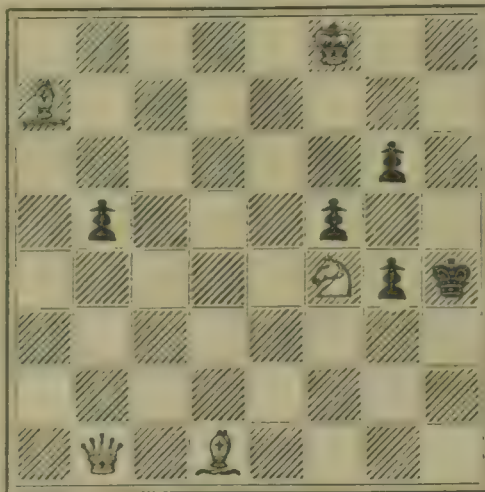
HORACE E. McFARLAND (St. Louis, U.S.A.).—Thanks for your kind letter and good wishes. We trust your efforts to revive the old chess reputation of St. Louis will be crowned with success, even if they have to be "redoubled" to achieve that object.

HENRY LARSEN (Grant Co., Indiana, U.S.A.).—We presume you are not joking with your contribution; but if you are in earnest, you had better learn what a problem is before you try to compose one.

F. E. WATKINS (Toronto).—Problems received with thanks. They shall receive our careful consideration.

T. S. (Brighton).—Your proposed solution of 3896 by K takes P is defeated by B to Kt 5th, and no mate follows.

O. NEWBOLD (Salisbury).—We are very sorry we cannot return your diagrams, as all rejected problems are destroyed. We return your last contribution, as it admits of mate on the move by 1. Kt to Q 6th, mate. Why do you not use written initials for your pieces, with rings round those that are black? It would be much safer than the method you adopt.

PROBLEM No. 3901—By JAMES M. K. LUPTON.
BLACK

WHITE
 White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3899—By W. R. KINSEY.

WHITE
 1. Kt to K 7th
 2. Mates accordingly

BLACK
 Any move

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3896 received from H. F. Marker (Portland, India); of No. 3897 from Casimir Dickson (Vancouver), George Parbury (Singapore), H. F. Marker, and Frank H. Rollison (Evanville, U.S.A.); of No. 3898 from F. E. S. Watkins (Toronto) and "Senex"; of No. 3899 from W. Strangman-Hill (Palmerston), O. Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge), "Senex," Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), P. W. Hunt (Bridgwater), and F. J. Fallwell (Caterham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3900 received from E. M. Vicars (Nortfolk), G. Stillington Johnson (Seaford), Joseph Willcock (Southampton), C. H. Watson (Masham), L. Hoeg (Copenhagen), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), P. J. Fallwell (Caterham), H. Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), S. Homer (Kensington), Russell T. Harper (Finsbury Park), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), W. C. D. Smith (Northampton), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), J. G. Lowe (Southport), A. Edmeston (Worsley), Hugh Nicholson (Oteley), J. J. Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), W. H. Prust (Buckingham), H. R. Denton (Leeds), H. Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), and W. Strangman-Hill (Palmerston).

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in an exhibition of simultaneous play against forty boards by J. R. CAPABLANCA (against Mr. SHARP) at Philadelphia.

(Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
 1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
 3. P to B 4th P takes P

This acceptance was advocated and practised by Blackburn many years ago, and in more recent times has been revived by Janowski. The capture, in fact, of a gambit Pawn is generally safe so long as no effort is made to maintain it.

As played by Blackburn.

4. P to K 3rd P to B 4th
 5. B takes P P to K 3rd
 6. Castles Kt to B 3rd
 7. Q to K 2nd P to Q R 3rd
 8. R to Q sq Q to B 2nd
 9. Kt to B 3rd P to Q Kt 4th
 10. B to Q 3rd B to Kt 2nd
 11. P to Q R 4th

White would probably have chosen another move under less pressing conditions of play.

11. Kt to Kt sq B to K 2nd
 12. Q Kt to Q 2nd Castles
 13. P takes P B takes P
 14. P to Q Kt 3rd Kt to K 4th
 15. Kt takes Kt Q takes Kt
 16. R to Kt sq

It is curious to note that even here the Rook does not escape the long arm of Black's Queen. A very lively phase of the game, moreover, now begins.

WHITE (Mr. C.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
 17. Kt to B 4th Kt to Q 4th
 18. B to Kt 2nd Q to Kt 4th
 19. P to R 4th

White has so far baffled Black's attack by steady pressure on the Queen, and here hopes to gain time by the sacrifice of his Pawn. It proves unavailing, however, in face of Black's fine reply.

20. Q takes R P
 21. Kt to R 5th B to Q 3rd
 22. P to B 4th Kt takes B P
 23. B takes P (ch)

The Knight cannot be taken on account of B to B 4th (ch), but White must have overlooked the threat to the Rook at Q Kt sq after Q takes B.

23. Q takes B
 24. P takes Kt B to B 4th (ch)

It is all plain sailing now for Black, who has very smartly out-generalled his great opponent. It is but fair to say, however, this is the only game of the forty that was lost by the single player.

25. B to Q 4th B takes B (ch)
 26. R takes B Q takes R (ch)
 27. R to Q sq Q to K 5th
 28. Q takes Q B takes Q
 29. K to Q 4th B to Q 4th
 30. K to B 2nd Q R to Kt sq
 31. P to B 5th K R to B sq
 32. P takes P P takes P

White resigns.

The Orient Company announce their intention to despatch their fine S.S. *Ormonde*, 14,853 tons register, on a series of pleasure cruises to Norway in the coming season. The *Ormonde* is the newest and largest steamer of the Orient Line Fleet, and her passenger accommodation is of a luxurious character. There are *en suite* rooms—cabins *de luxe*, with private bathroom annexed—and a large number of single-berth cabins. The first cruise starts from the Clyde on July 21, and subsequent cruises from Immingham on Aug. 4 and 18 and Sept. 1. The fare for the thirteen days' cruise is from twenty guineas.

A course of lectures on Recent Excavations in Mesopotamia, Egypt, and the Mediterranean, showing the evolution of Architecture and Art from about 4000 B.C. to the beginning of the early Christian period, is being given by Claire Gaudet (Lecturer and Examiner in Art to the London County Council) at the British Museum (by kind permission of the Director and Trustees) on Thursdays at 3.15 p.m. The first was on March 1. The aim attempted in these lectures is to trace from the very beginning the various stages of architectural expression as they evolved from East to West. Particulars can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, 120, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The British Tyre Trade.

A strong movement is on foot for bringing pressure enough on the Government to secure for the British tyre-manufacturing trade some measure of protection against foreign competition. I agree



ON A BEAUTIFUL HIGHLAND ROAD MADE BY AN ENGLISH GENERAL: A ROVER "EIGHT" AT NEWTON BRIDGE, SMA' GLEN, PERTSHIRE.

This was the first of the remarkable military roads made in the 1730's by General Wade, who evidently had an eye for the beauties of Highland scenery.

that the subject is a highly controversial one, involving as it does the whole question of Free Trade *versus* Protection. Nevertheless, it is, I think, permissible to point out just how the matter stands. There is not the least doubt that, if things continue as they are, at the end of a very short time—say three

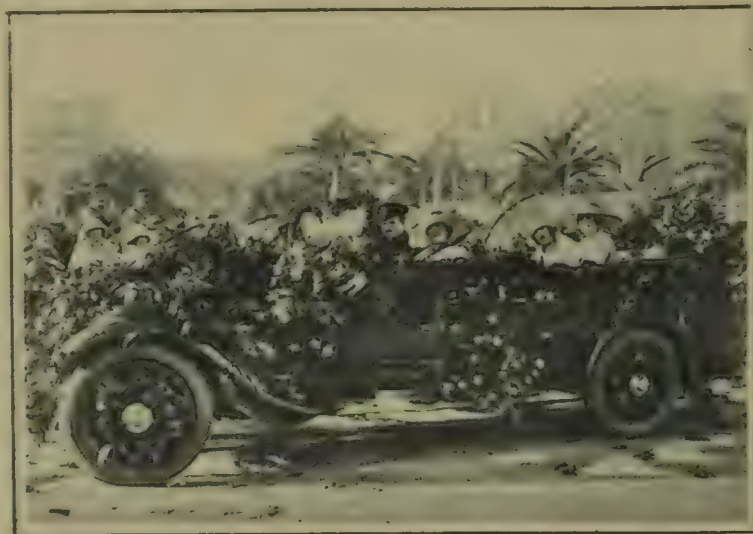
or four years—there will be no such business existing as the manufacture of motor tyres in Great Britain. Owing to exchange differences and other matters which need not be set forth in detail now, it is possible for the foreign maker to sell his tyres here to the public at substantially less than the actual manufacturing cost of the British tyre. I need not enter into a discussion of why and wherefore. It may be that the terrific burden of taxation upon industry is the root cause. It may be that a contributory cause is the short hours worked by labour, and the general disinclination to accept the principle of payment by results. Possibly both are involved, but what we have to face are the patent results. The position is exactly as I have stated—that we can purchase foreign tyres at less than it costs to make them here.

Now, there is an import duty of 33 per cent. on foreign cars brought into the country. The tyre comes in free, and what the British tyre interests are asking is that a similar duty be imposed on this component of the car. On the face of it, they are asking for something which is perfectly logical, because it is difficult to see why the car itself should be taxed and the tyre admitted free, especially when the country requires all the revenue it can get to pay its way. The car tax was imposed during the war, mainly, I believe, with the object of checking imports and thus keeping down joy-riding when we needed every gallon of fuel for the armies in the field. British cars were not being built at the time, and the American manufacturer was prepared to send over all the cars that selfish people would buy. So the Government clapped what it hoped would be a prohibitive duty on them. The tax has been continued for revenue purposes, and will probably never come off. The tyre and the commercial vehicle escaped, and continue to do so. Last year, over £4,000,000 worth of tyres were imported, and, all questions of fiscal policy apart, it may be suggested to the Chancellor that here is a useful yield at the same rate as the car tax.

What is
Negligence?

A County Court
judge in the
North has expressed the considered opinion that

a burst tyre constitutes legal negligence on the part of a motorist! If such a dictum is allowed to stand, things will arrive at a pretty pass. I believe that the burst tyre which was the subject of this judgment of Solomon had run for 2000 miles. It could not by any stretch of imagination have been held to be worn out, because the life of the modern tyre is to be expressed in several times that figure. I have two tyres on my own car which have now run over 10,000 miles, and they seem to have a good deal of service in them yet. On the other hand, I think there is something in the idea that, if a motorist runs his tyres past the safety point, and an accident occurs through it, he must be content to accept some liability as a consequence. I know that some people, either through laziness, meanness, or something else, do run tyres which ought to have been scrapped many miles before. It is highly dangerous to run on worn-out tyres, and I cannot see why the public should be without protection at law. It raises a rather nice point, however. When is a motor tyre unsafe by reason of its mileage, and who, in case of an accident, is to say? There is no end to the questions that might arise. W. W.



CHANGED IN APPEARANCE SINCE IT WAS SHOWN AT OLYMPIA! A 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER IN A CANNES CARNIVAL.

This Napier car was on view at the recent Motor Show at Olympia, and was bought on the opening day by Mr. W. V. Doughty, whose wife and friends are here seen in it. Mr. Doughty took first prize at Cannes for the most attractive decorated car.



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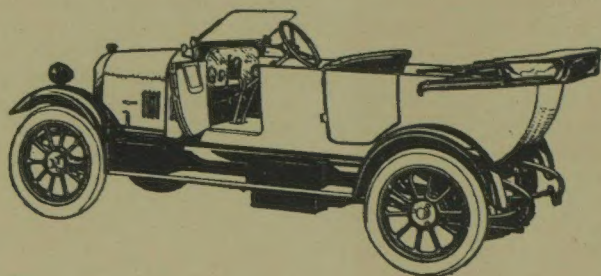
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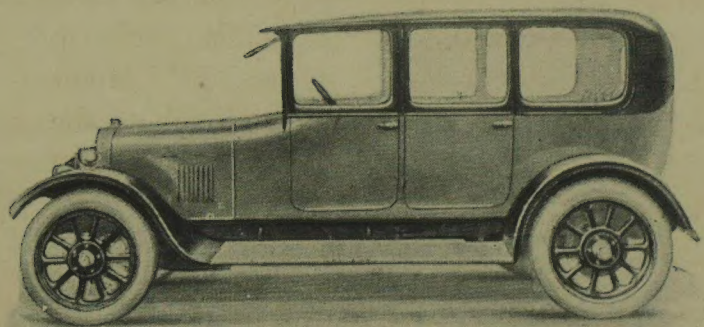
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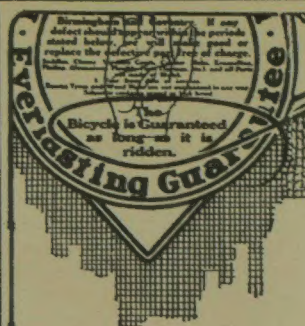
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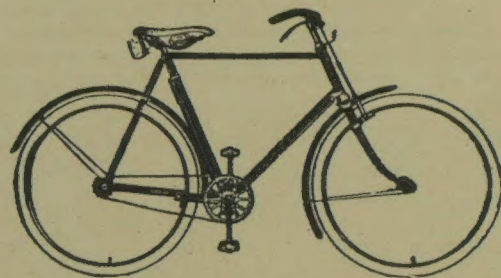
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THE TALKING MACHINE.

A "FIRST APPEARANCE."

RECORDING is an interesting business, but apt to be trying for those who stand before the recording horn for the first time; and it is no wonder that the late Dan Leno (as I read the other day) completely lost his nerve at his first attempt, and, instead of singing, tried a clog dance.

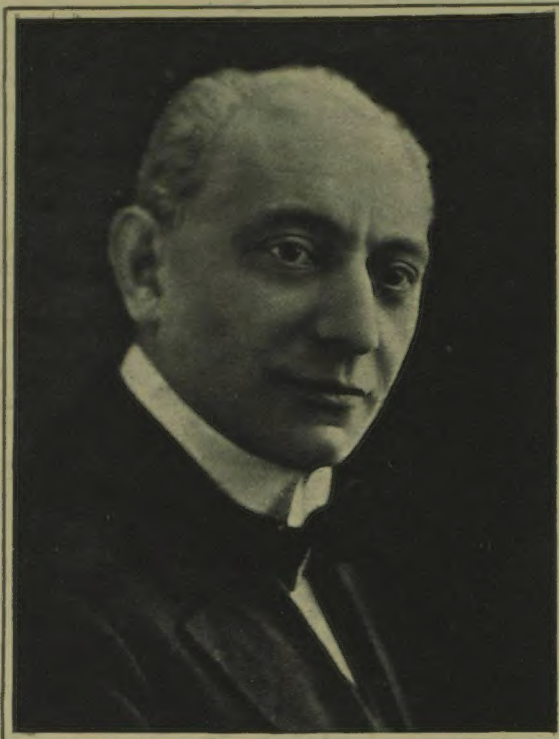
For this is the sort of thing that happens, assuming that the debut is to consist of vocal numbers with orchestral accompaniment. A lady soloist arrives at the recording company's premises elated at the prospect of making records that will bring fame. This feeling of confidence begins to wear off when the recording theatre is approached, for it looks, indeed, rather more like an operating theatre. Baize-covered doors and notices requesting "Silence" are plentiful. Perchance someone is already recording, which means a wait; but at last it is our novice's turn, and she, feeling that all her teeth are to be extracted without gas, follows an official into the recording chamber. She finds herself in a biggish room, containing the orchestra and a thing looking like a pay-box at a cinema, with a fearsome tin horn sticking out of the "please-examine-your-change" aperture.

The members of the orchestra seem to have original tastes in the matter of where they sit to play, for a number of them have their music-desks hanging from the ceiling. The trombones are situated in the "gods," as it were, while below them come the trumpets. This is, of course, an arrangement to allow the sound-waves from the bells of these instruments free access to the recording horn.

She finds her way to a little space left vacant in front of the horn, and stands, with violin-bows grazing the back of her head, waiting, waiting a signal from the conductor, who "sits up aloft" on a rostrum of his own, whence he can command a clear view of the band. Then a little window suddenly pops open in the "pay-box," and a visage appears in the opening. This belongs to one of the recorders, who says, "All ready," shuts the window, and disappears. A buzzer goes; the conductor raises his baton, the full force of pent-up orchestral energy hits our novice in the back of the neck; and she sings, hearing nothing of her own voice, but conscious that a million trombones are playing directly into her ears.

In about three minutes her first ordeal is over, and the record, being a "test," is played back again. To

the novice's astonishment, her voice comes through clearly and pleasantly, with the orchestral accompaniment in its due perspective, and with no preponderance of trombone. "Ready again?" "Right." Buzzer goes, a faint whirr from the "pay-box," and the record proper is made, being repeated in case any-



"RECORDER-IN-CHIEF" OF BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY FOR "HIS MASTER'S VOICE": SIR LANDON RONALD, THE FAMOUS CONDUCTOR OF THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL ORCHESTRA.

thing goes wrong with the first. And so it continues until the batch of records is finished, and our novice emerges tired and flushed, but happy.

NEW RECORDS.—"HIS MASTER'S VOICE."

The most important item on the February list, and a real achievement for which gramophonists should be truly thankful, is the complete recording of

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (C. Minor, Op. 67), played by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald. Taken without any "cuts," the work occupies four double-sided twelve-inch records, and is an addition to the library of recorded classics that should be in every collection. From the first statement of the famous theme of four notes described as "The knocking of Fate at the door," to the final chords of the vigorous Finale, these records are a feast of fine orchestral playing. Another outstanding item is the Sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor," sung by Tetrassini, Caruso, Amato, Journet, Jacoby, and Bada—an ensemble it would be difficult to equal. Lucrezia Bori is heard in an air from Mozart's little-known opera, "Così fan tutti"; and Beniamino Gigli sings a "Serenade" of Toselli. The "popular" section is a very full one, and includes a number of the "Co-Optimists'" successes.

"COLUMBIA."

Here, the most striking record is one of "Jupiter," the fourth movement from Gustav Holst's orchestral suite, "The Planets." It is a most interesting disc, and is played by the London Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of the composer. Sir Henry J. Wood and the New Queen's Hall Orchestra contribute the Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the shimmering, fairylike quality of the music is well reproduced. The honours of the vocal section go to the Australian soprano, Elsa Stralia, for a brilliant rendering of Venezano's waltz song, "Ah, che assorta." Chamber music is represented by the Lener String Quartet of Budapest, in the Andante from Schubert's D Minor and the Allegro from Mozart's G Major Quartets. There are also some new dance numbers, very well played.

"VOCALION."

A feature is made of the Negro "Spirituals" sung by Roland Hayes, the Negro tenor, who is considered to be the finest exponent of this form of song. Certainly the records are worthy of the encomiums showered upon them, and they have the rare quality of being unlike anything else. Kathleen Destournel is heard in "Deh! vieni," from "Le Nozze di Figaro." On the instrumental side we have Albert Sammons (violin), John Amadio, who displays remarkable virtuosity as a flautist, and Herbert Fryer, the pianist, with two short Chopin pieces and Schumann's "The Prophet Bird." Again, the latest dance hits are also included.

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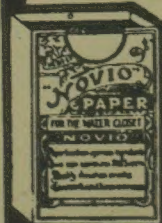
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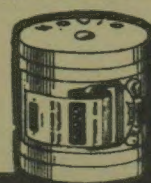
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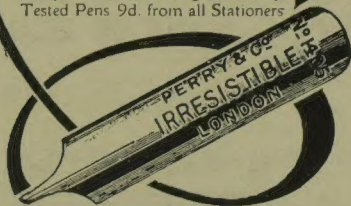
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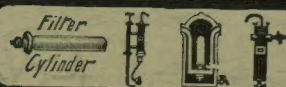
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